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We Thank Thee.

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear and see,
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*



The Arrival.

Did someone say it was Spring?
O, how the cold winds blow:
Someone but dreamed of Spring,
For the air is filled with snow;
There are drifts of it everywhere,
And never a bud in sight,
Ice still fetters the streams,
Winter proclaims his right.
Spring, did you tell us?—Nay;
Winter is with us to-day!

Someone said it was Spring!

O, we would gladly believe,

But can not this comfortless day;

Such news is too good to receive.

But hush, scornful doubter, and list

To a bluebird's sweet, jubilant strain,

And see him—a-tilt on a spray,

As if glad to be with us again:—

By the song, and the flash of a wing,

We know—we know it is spring!

—*Emma A. Lente.*



“Be kind, be true,

That unto you

With sapphire blue

The skies shall glow.”



The Way of It.

A little boy made him a wee snowball,

And rolled it about in the snow;

And it gathered the crystals and clung to them all,

And, O, how that snowball did grow!

O, my!

You've made one, of course, so you know.

A little boy whispered a word one day

Unkind of someone he knew,

And each one who heard it repeated his way

The story, till, O, how it grew!

O, my!

And a heartache was caused by it, too!

Two little red mittens the small ball rolled
That grew in such magical way,
And a little red tongue was the one that told
The tale that grew big in a day.

O, my!

Be careful, wee tongues, what you say!

—*Pauline F. Camp, in the Housekeeper.*



The Country Boy.

"I pity the poor little country boy,
Away on his lonely farm!
The holidays bring him no elegant toy;
He has no money; there is no shop;
Even Christmas morning his work doesn't stop:
He has cows to milk, he has wood to chop
And to carry in on his arm."

Did you hear that, Fred, as you came through the gate,
With your milk-pail full to the brim?
No envy hid under your curly brown pate;
You were watching a star in the morning sky,
And a star seemed shining out of your eye;
Your thoughts were glad, you couldn't tell why,
But they were not of toys, or of *him*.

Yet the city boy said what he kindly meant,
Walking on by his mother's side,
With his eyes on the toy-shop windows bent,
Wishing for all that his eyes could see;
Longing and looking and teasing went he,
Nor dreamed that a single pleasure could be
Afar in your woodlands wide.

You ate your breakfast that morning, Fred,
As a country boy should eat;
Then you jumped with your father upon the sled,
And were off to the hills for a load of wood;
Quiet and patient the oxen stood,
And the snowy world looked cheerful and good,
While you stamped to warm your feet.

Then your father told you to take a run,
And you started away up the hill;
You were all alone, but it was such fun!
The larch and the pine tree seemed racing past
Instead of yourself, you went so fast;
But, rosy and out of breath at last,
You stood in the sunshine still.

And all of a sudden there came the thought,
While a brown leaf toward you whirled,
And a chickadee sang, as if they brought
Something they meant on purpose for you,
As if the trees to delight you grew,
As if the sky for your sake was blue—
“It is such a beautiful world.”

The graceful way that the spruce trees had
Of holding their soft, white load,
You saw and admired; and your heart was glad,
As you laid on the trunk of a beech your hand,
And beheld the wonderful mountains stand
In a chain of crystal, clear and grand,
At the end of the widening road.

O Fred, without knowing, you held a gift
That a mine of gold could not buy;
Something the soul of a man to lift

From the tiresome earth, and to make him see
How beautiful 'common things can be;
How heaven may be glimpsed through a wayside tree:
The gift of an artist's eye!

What need had you of money, my boy,
Or the presents money can bring,
When every breath was a breath of joy?
You owned the whole world, with its hills and trees,
The sun, and the clouds, and the bracing breeze,
And your hands to work with; having these,
You were richer than any king.

When the dusk drew on, by the warm hearth fire
You needed nobody's pity;
But you said, as the soft flame mounted higher,
And the eye and cheek of your mother grew bright,
While she smiled and talked in the lovely light—
A picture of pictures to your sight—
"I am sorry for boys in the city!"

—*Lucy Larcom.*



Whistle Away.

Whistle away, my merry boy,
With happy face and heart of joy,
If it will help you to be strong,
Whistle a tune when things are wrong;
And whistling lightens it for you
If e'er your task is hard to do,
Whether it be sowing seeds,
Hoeing the corn or pulling weeds,
Gathering fruit or raking hay,
Or driving cows—whistle away.

Whistle a tune, if you can't sing,
And that should seem the next best thing
That you can do. Perhaps 'twill cheer
The hearts of some who chance to hear.
Better to whistle than to pout
And scold and fret, no one can doubt;
So keep a merry heart, my lad,
And thus make other people glad;
Do all the good you can each day,
And, as you toil, whistle away.

—*Toronto Truth.*



The Cloud Pictures.

The pictures that I like the best
Aren't hung upon the wall;
They're painted in the sky above,
I like them best of all.

There are flocks of pretty chickens,
And horses dashing by,
And white sheep browsing calmly
In the pastures of the sky.

There are boats and flowers and children,
And steeples, straight and tall,
And the huge, huge waves of ocean,
Where the billows rise and fall.

And the pictures change so quickly
And vanish quite away;
And the colors fade to nothing,
And the night comes after day.

For a' That.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
 As come it will for a' that—
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that!

—*Robert Burns.*



Live for Something.

Live for something, have a purpose,
 And that purpose keep in view.
 Drifting like a helpless vessel,
 Thou canst ne'er to life be true.
 Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
 If some star had been their guide,
 Might have long been riding safely,
 But they drifted with the tide.

—*Robert Whitaker.*



Home Building.

Home is not a thing of timber,
 Brick and mortar, lath and stone,
 Built by plan with saw and hammer
 For man's dwelling place alone.

Home of finer stuff is builded—
 Human hearts and love poured free;
 Little thoughts and deeds of kindness,
 I for thee and thee for me.

Home is where the heart is, be it
Palace grand or simple cot;
All the wealth of all the nations
Without love may build it not.

—*New England Homestead.*



If We Knew!

Would we not be a little more careful of what we are
doing to-day—
Would we not do a little more labor, and perhaps do a
little less play,
Would we not attend closer to duties and see that each
thing was done well,
Would we not improve all of the minutes and make
even small seconds tell,
Would we not be a little more honest and cultivate
habits of right,
Would we not turn our backs on things doubtful and
face straight about to the light,
Would we not be a little more manly, more earnest,
more pure, and more strong—
If we knew that to-day makes to-morrow, either for
good or for wrong? —*Adelbert F. Caldwell.*



The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea
Among the winds at play.
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen
I cast them all away
Among the clover scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



The Builders.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low,
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between,
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
 Builders wrought with greatest care
 Each minute and unseen part;
 For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
 Both the unseen and the seen;
 Make the house where God may dwell
 Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
 Standing in these walls of time—
 Broken stairways, where the feet
 Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base;
 And, ascending and secure,
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
 To those turrets, where the eye
 Sees the world as one vast plain,
 And one boundless reach of sky.
 —*Henry W. Longfellow.*



What Have You Done To-day?

We shall do much in the years to come;
 But what have we done to-day?
 We shall give our gold in a princely sum;
 But what did we give to-day?
 We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
 We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
 We shall speak the words of love and cheer;
 But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile;
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile;
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
We shall feed the hungry souls of earth;
But, this is the thing our hearts must ask:
What have we done to-day?



How They Grow.

How do the grasses grow?
Just a bit a day,
Looking upward all the while,
On their cheerful way,
That's the way the green grass grows
All in cozy, thick-set rows.

How do the birdies grow
In their tiny nests?
They stretch out their wings each day,
Huddled 'neath the breasts
Of the mother birds so kind,
All their wants so quick to mind.

How do the children grow?
Like the birds, grass, flowers,
Taller, larger, sweeter still,
Through the days and hours,
Learning something new each day,
That will help them on their way.

—*Selected.*

The Prairies.

These are the gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness.

Lo! they stretch,
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in its gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless forever. Motionless?—
No—they are all unchained again.

The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no power in all this glorious work;
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their
slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests.

—William Cullen Bryant.

Optimism.

Get all the good there is to-day,
 Don't fret about to-morrow.
 There's trouble round us all the time,
 What need is there to borrow?
 The wise man gets what joy he can,
 And leaves the fool to his folly.
 He knows too much to waste his life
 In gloom and melancholy.

Look on the bright side every time,
 Don't waste your days repining.
 When any cloud looks dark and dull,
 Turn out the silver lining.
 Be wise! Be cheerful, bright and glad,
 Leave to the fool his folly,
 And let your motto be: "Cheer up!"
 Your rule of life: "Be jolly!"



Some Good Things.

It's good, boys, to be popular; it's better to be true!
 It's good to honor others; better that they honor you!
 It's good to do things easily; it's better not to shirk!
 It's good to have some money; it's better far to work!
 It's good not to be tempted; it's better to be strong!
 It's good to know no evil; better to do no wrong!
 It's good something to have to spend; it's better, boys,
 to save!
 It's good to have no trouble; it's better to be brave!
 How many things are good, my boys! But I rather
 think—don't you?—
 We'd better find the better, and the better things
 then do! —*Prof. Adelbert F. Caldwell.*

A Blessed Trio.

Where do the sweet smiles come from?
The very same place in the sky
As the starlight gleams
And the sun's bright beams—
God's beautiful home on high.

Where do the pleasant words come from?
The very same music book
As the song of the breeze
And the birds in the trees,
And the laughter of dear little brooks.

Where do the good deeds come from?
They come from the sunny heart,
To dwell with the smile
And the kind words awhile—
For they never are far apart.

—Helen R. Bates.

**Room at the Top.**

Never mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your work won't tell;
The work is the work for a' that,
For him that doeth well.

Fancy the world is a hill, lad,
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad,
There's always room at the top.

Courage and faith and patience—
There's space in the old world yet;
The better the chance you stand, lad,
The further along you get.

Keep your eyes on the goal, lad,
Never despair or drop;
Be sure that your path leads upwards,
There's always room at the top.



The Secret of Success.

One day, in huckleberry time, when little John Flails
And half a dozen other boys were starting with their
pails
To gather berries, Johnny's pa, in talking with him,
said,
That he could tell him how to pick so he'd come out
ahead,
"First find your bush," said Johnny's pa, "and then
stick to it till
You've picked it clean. Let those go chasing all about
who will
In search of better bushes, but it's picking tells, my
son—
To look at fifty bushels doesn't count like picking one."

And Johnny did as he was told; and, sure enough, he
found,
By sticking to his bush while all the others chased
around
In search of better picking, 'twas as his father said;
For, while all the others looked, he worked and so
came out ahead,
And Johnny recollected this when he became a man;
And first of all he laid him out a well-determined plan;
So, while the brilliant triflers failed with all their
brains and push,
Wise, steady-going Johnny won by "sticking to his
bush."
—Nixon Waterman.

Do You Know.

I know a little maiden—
Who—everybody says—
Is everybody's darling,
She has such pretty ways.

And I know a little laddie—
I think you know him, too—
You always like to meet him,
He's so courteous to you.

Do we know their gentle secret?
Why, yes, I'm sure we do,
It's surely this—they try to think,
And their hearts are warm and true.

This I have learned,
Though I'm not very old—
Cheery good nature
Is brighter than gold!



A Real Boy.

There's a joy that is a joy
In the boy that is a boy—
Just a romping, reckless tike
That the whole round world must like;
Freckled, awkward, lank and slim,
Hat that's minus band and brim,
With a trailing dog or pup
That betimes will trip him up.

In the morning out and gone
At the bugles of the dawn,
Finding wondrous games to play
In each nook along the wav.
Wading brooks and climbing trees,
Pestering the honeybees
Till they sting him in despair—
But what does a real boy care?

In at noon to bolt his lunch,
Then a run to join the "bunch;"
Shouts, and yells, and battle call
Over strife with bat and ball,
Or a make-believe affray
With the pirates in his play;
Blisters, stone bruise on his heel
Scratches that his baths reveal.

Crooning in a sing-song twang,
Horrifying by its slang,
Giving every one the shakes
By his chumminess with snakes,
Naming with a careless shrug
Every beetle, bird and bug,
Ruminant upon the grass
Watching all the clouds that pass.

Coming home at fall of night,
Grimed and marred from play and fight,
Braggadocio weary—Yes,
With a wondrous weariness.
Dreaming on with smiles and sighs
After sleep has closed his eyes—
There's a joy that is a joy
In a boy that is a boy! —*Chicago Post.*

Honesty.

Be honest with your neighbors,
Be honest with yourself,
And never, never, never,
Trade honesty for pelf.

Be honest when folks see you,
Be honest when alone,
Remember, God beholds you
Though witness there seems none.



Keep Right At It.

Have you a task that is hard to do?
Keep right at it.
Patience and effort will help you through,
Keep right at it.
You can succeed if you only will,
The way may be rough and all uphill,
Your body may ache and your brain reel, still
Keep right at it.

Others have conquered, then why not you?
Keep right at it.
You can accomplish what others do,
Keep right at it.
They who o'ercome shall sit on God's throne,
The effort may cost you many a groan,
The path may be rugged—you're not alone,
Keep right at it.

Go in with a vim, and never say fail,
Keep right at it.
Be true to yourself and you will prevail,
Keep right at it.
'Tis courage and pluck that win the race,
If you happen to fall it is no disgrace,
Up and at it and strive for your place—
Keep right at it.

There's never a night but ends in day,
Keep right at it.
You are here to work and not to play—
Keep right at it.
If you stub your toe, don't whimper and cry,
'Tis brave to do—even suffer and die,
You never will win unless you try,
Keep right at it.

The harder the task the richer the prize,
Keep right at it.
'Tis the coward who falters whom men despise,
Keep right at it.
All men worship heroes, and you may be one,
Keep pegging away till your work is done,
Till the battle is fought and the victory won—
Keep right at it.

What is worth doing is worth doing well,
Keep right at it.
The plodder may win, you never can tell,
Keep right at it.
Of one thing be sure, that you've done your best—
When the task is finished is time to rest,
But up to that time you must stand the test,
Keep right at it.

The world is waiting for those who dare,
Keep right at it.
If you're brave and true you will get your share,
Keep right at it.
Keep your eye on the goal and hurry along
Till the race is run or the battle is done,
For the prize is sure when the victory is won—
Keep right at it. —F. G. McCauley.



The Man Who Always Tries.

Whatever your ambition, lad,
However high the prize,
Its mastery may yet be had
By him who always tries.

Does Fortune—with a roseal view—
Foretoken fair emprise?
The dreamer's fancy may pursue—
The plodder wins who tries.

Would you attain to Learning's lore,
And be esteemed wise?
By patient labor grows the store
Of him who always tries.

If Fancy strew the flowers of hope
In beauty 'neath your eyes,
The summit of her shining slope
Remains for him who tries.

Though Truth appear in homely gray,
Her counsel ne'er despise;
She will be clad in light one day
To honor him who tries. —Success.

Fellowship.

When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's feeling kind o'
 blue,
 An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the
 sunshine through;
 It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to
 lay
 His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

It makes a man feel queerish, it makes the teardrops
 start,
 An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart;
 You can't look up an' meet his eyes, you don't know
 what to say,
 When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort
 o' way.

O, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and
 its gall,
 With its care and bitter crosses, but a good world
 after all;
 An' a good God must have made it—leastways, that is
 what I say
 When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort
 o' way. —James Whitcomb Riley.



Be a Man.

Be a man and don't give up, lad,
 Win the battle, win the day;
 Lift your head and square your shoulders,
 And they'll give you "right of way."

For whoever heard of winning
 In this turbulence and strife,
 Unless nobly you're found stirring
 In the battlefield of life?

"I can't" never was a winner,
 That you'll learn in work or play.
 Be a man and just remember
 "I will" always wins the day.

—*Miss Moss Turner.*



The Choice.

All the folks in our house had to tell one day
 In which one of all the rooms they liked best to stay;
 Mother chose the living room, where we mostly sit;
 Sister likes the parlor nights, with the big lamp lit;
 Granny said her own room's better'n all the rest;
 Jack (he's always studying) likes the lib'ry best;
 I just love the attic, where there's room to swing
 Or roller-skate or spin a top or play 'most anything;
 But when I asked my father, he laughed and said
 that he
 Guessed he'd choose whatever place mother chanced
 to be!
 —*New Orleans Picayune.*



Now I get me up to work;
 I pray Thee, Lord, I may not shirk;
 If I should die before the night,
 I pray, Thee, Lord, my work's done right.



Suppose your task, my little man,
 Is very hard to get,
 Will it make it any easier
 For you to sit and fret?
 And wouldn't it be wiser,
 Than waiting like a dunce,
 To go to work in earnest
 And learn the thing at once?

—*Phoebe Cary.*



Wouldn't You?

I have only one mouth, but my ears are two,
 So I'll only tell half that I hear, wouldn't you?
 I'll tell all the good and sweet and the true,
 But the rest *I* will try to forget, wouldn't you?

—*B. R. Stevens.*



Just Pretend.

If ever you're sorry
 For things that you say,
 And wish to do better,
 I'll tell you a way.

Whenever you're angry
 Pretend you're a bird,
 And sing just a little
 But don't say a word.

—*Mary Ellerton.*

The Old Apple-Tree.

There's a memory keeps a-runnin'
Through my weary head to-night,
An' I see a picture dancin'
In the fire-flames' ruddy light;
'Tis the picture of an orchard
Wrapped in autumn's purple haze,
With the tender light about it
That I loved in other days.
An' a-standin' in a corner,
Once again I seem to see
The verdant leaves an' branches
Of an old apple-tree.

You, perhaps, would call it ugly,
An' I don't know but it's so,
When you look the tree all over
Unadorned by memory's glow;
For its boughs are gnarled an' crooked,
An' its leaves are gittin' thin,
An' the apples of its bearin'
Wouldn't fill so large a bin
As they used to. But I tell you,
When it comes to pleasin' me,
It's the dearest in the orchard—
Is that old apple-tree.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*



Jimmy's Stamp.

Jimmy has a stamp collection,
Foreign stamps of every hue—
Turkish, Russian, Swedish, Prussian,
Yellow, purple, crimson, blue.

But he has one stamp so ugly,
 That we hate it more and more;
 And it's never in his album—
 Always somewhere on the floor!

And this stamp's not only ugly,
 But it's horrible to hear.
 When he's angry, *down* his foot comes!
 What a noise it makes, oh, dear!

If he stamps his foot, he's punished,
 Then he cries, the little scamp.
 Don't you think, if you were Jimmy,
 You'd get rid of such a stamp?

—May Kelly.



The Sampler.

Framed, it sleeps on the parlor wall,
 And ever the city girds without;
 Stone and metal and smoky pall,
 Clangor of gong and newsboy's shout.
 A sampler foreign to modern ken
 Brave with a border, house, and date—
 "Eighteen hundred and five"—and then;
 "Wrought by Charity Lee, Aged Eight."

Almost a century old, this square
 Pricked with its pattern red and blue.
 (Stitches taken in childish care)
 When cloth and worsted were fresh and new.
 Close, in the past, was Paul Revere,
 And Valley Forge was a vivid name;
 Right on the threshold the privateer
 Sweeping the waves for spoil and fame.

Eighteen hundred and five—mankind
 Lived, I venture, content as now
 When things prodigious we daily find
 Rise 'neath the worldship's plunging prow,
 Thund'rous missiles o'er long leagues thrown,
 Travel in air and under sea,
 Telegraph, railroad and telephone
 Were unsuspected by Charity Lee.

"Charity Lee"—she sometimes bent,
 Primly bodiced but dancing-eyed,
 Over the plat where her needle went,
 While thoughts rebelliously strayed outside
 And last she printed these words aslant,
 Which breathe no token of lot or fate,
 But bear us only this message scant:
 "Wrought by Charity Lee, Aged Eight."
 —*Edwin L. Sabin, in Ladies' World.*



Better.

There's only one motto you need
 To succeed;
 "Better."
 The other man's winning? Then you
 Must do
 Better.
 From the baking of bread
 To the breaking a head,
 From rhyming a ballad
 To sliming a salad,
 From mending of ditches
 To spending of riches,
 Follow the rule to the uttermost letter:
 "Better."

Of course you may say but a few
Can do

Better;

And you're going to strive
So that all may thrive

Better.

And it's right you are
To follow the star

Set in the heavens, afar, afar;

But still with your eyes

On the skies

It is wise

To be riding a mule,

Or guiding a school,

Thatching a hovel,

Or hatching a novel,

Foretelling weather,

Or selling shoe leather;

And remember you must

Be doing it just

A wee dust

Better.

—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*



Where She Lived.

I found her in the corner,

A maid of three short years,

Her head a mass of tangled curls,

Her blue eyes filled with tears.

"Where do you live, my little maid?

I fear you've wandered far."

She looked at me, and, sobbing, said:

"I live with my mamma."

I took her in my arms and tried
 To soothe her childish woe.
 "But where does mamma live?" I asked,
 "Perhaps the street you know?"
 She gazed at me—no sorrow now
 The childish face did mar—
 "Why, don't you know?" she, wondering, said,
 "She lives with my papa."

"Oh, little maid! Oh, little maid!"
 I cried in my despair,
 "Your mamma lives with your papa,
 And they both live—pray, where?"
 She tossed the mass of tangled curls
 And laughed aloud with glee—
 "My mamma lives with my papa,
 And they both live with me."
 —*Millic Nevens Spencer.*



Grandpa's Barn.

Oh, a jolly old place is grandpa's barn,
 Where the doors stand open throughout the day,
 And the cooing doves fly in and out,
 And the air is sweet with the fragrant hay;
 Where the grain lies over the slippery floor,
 And the hens are busily looking around,
 And the sunbeams flicker, now here, now there,
 And the breeze blows through with a merry sound.
 The swallows twitter and chirp all day,
 With fluttering wings, in the old brown eaves,
 And the robins sing in the trees, which lean
 To brush the roof with the rustling leaves.

O for the glad vacation time,
When grandpa's barn will echo the shout
Of merry children who romp and play
In the new-born freedom of "school let out."

Such scaring of doves from their cozy nests,
Such hunting for eggs in the lofts so high,
Till the frightened hens, with a cackle shrill,
From their hidden treasures are fain to fly.

Oh, the dear old barn, so cool, so wide!
Its door will open again ere long
To the summer sunshine, the new-mown hay,
And the merry ring of vacation song.

For grandpa's barn is the jolliest place
For frolic and fun on a summer's day;
And e'en old Time, as the years slip by,
Its memory never can steal away.

—*Mary D. Brine.*



The Ten Workers.

Said the farmer, the miller, the baker:
"We'll give the dear baby his food."
Said the carpenter, mason and glazier:
"We'll build him a house strong and good."

Said the weaver, the tailor, the cobbler:
"We'll make him his warm, pretty clothes."
Said the blacksmith, "And I'll shoe his horses
When off on a journey he goes."

Yes! these and more workers, each in his own way,
 Do something for baby, while he can but play.
 But when the small baby has grown to a man,
 Why, he'll be a worker and do what he can!

—*Emile Poullsson.*



Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
 Weep and you weep alone;
 For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
 But has trouble enough of its own.



Our lives are songs, God writes the words,
 And we set them to music at pleasure;
 And the song grows sad, or sweet, or glad,
 As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the music, whatever the song,
 Whatever its rhyme or meter;
 And if it is sad we can make it glad,
 Or sweet, we can make it sweeter.



Of all the lights you carry in your face
 Joy shines the farthest out to sea.
 And till a man has turned his face unto the wall and
 died,
 He must expect to get his share of ashes on his side.

—*Eugene Field.*



'Tis always morning somewhere;
 And above the awakening continents,
 From shore to shore,
 Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.
 —*Henry W. Longfellow.*

The year's at the spring,
 The day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven,
 The hillside's dew-pearled.

The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn;
 God's in His heaven—
 All's right with the world.

—*Robert Browning.*



Take Care of the Minutes.

Take care of the minutes, they are priceless, you know,
 Will you value them less that so quickly they go?
 "It is but a minute," the trifler will say;
 But minutes make hours, and hours the day.

The gold dust of time are those minutes so small;
 Will you lose even one? Why not treasure them all?
 As each broken petal disfigures the flower,
 So each wasted minute despoils the full hour.

Take care of the minutes; they come and are gone;
 Yet in each there is space for some good to be done.
 Our time is a talent we hold from above;
 May each hour leave us richer in wisdom and love!

—*Selected.*



There are three tests of wise work, that it be honest,
 useful and cheerful.—*Ruskin.*

Do It Now.

If there's a lonely heart to cherish,

Do it now.

If you wait, some soul may perish;

Do it now.

You may only speak a word,

But that word when it is heard

May brighten hopes so long deferred;

Do it now.

If there's a fainting one to strengthen,

Do it now.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen;

Do it now.

You may only sing a song,

But that song before e'er long

May waken faith, both clear and strong;

Do it now.

If there's a tempted one to succor,

Do it now.

If you wait, some heart may falter;

Do it now.

You may breathe an earnest prayer,

And that prayer with word sincere,

May keep a loved one from the snare;

Do it now.

—*Mallie Thomasson.*



Look for goodness, look for gladness,

You will meet them all the while;

If you bring a smiling visage

To the glass, you meet a smile.

—*Alice Cary.*

The Sun's Travels.

The sun is not abed when I
 At night upon my pillow lie;
 Still round the earth his way he takes,
 And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
 We round the sunny garden play,
 Each little Indian sleepyhead
 Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
 Day dawns beyond the Atlantic sea,
 And all the children in the West
 Are getting up and being dressed.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.



How the Polite Sunshine Won.

"I'll make that man take off his coat,"
 Said Mr. North Wind, rough.
 He blew and blew; the man he smote,
 His manner was quite rough.
 "Now let *me* try," said Sunshine bright,
 And oh, he smiled so gay,
 The man said, "Sunshine, you're polite,
 Your wish I will obey."

—Ella M. Powers.



It is easy enough to be pleasant
 When life flows along like a song,
 But the man worth while is the one who will smile
 When everything goes dead wrong.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Use for the Dippers.

"My teacher says," said Johnnie, "That way up in the sky

Are two bright shining dippers; you'll see them if you try.

One's big and one is little; whatever do you 'spose
They do away up there, with such queer things as those?"

"I know," cried little Bessie, who looked up from her play:

"They're just to dip the milk up from out the 'milky way.'"
—*Susie P. Holmes.*



Verses for Memorizing.

If you would be great and wise,
Use with care your ears and eyes.

Stop and think before you speak,
Stop and think before you do;
Hasty words and hasty deeds
Bring you pain and sorrow, too.

When it's time to do a thing,
Do it, children, do it;
Don't delay an hour or day,
For fear that you may rue it.

I Can's a manly little chap,
With lots of nerve and pluck;
I Can't's a coward and a sneak,
Who always has bad luck.

You never know, you can not guess
What harm a little lie may do;
There's but one way that's safe and sure,
And that is just be always true.

If your thoughts are good,
If your words are kind,
You will have a merry heart,
A contented mind.

Never mind what others say,
Never mind what others do;
What though some one else does wrong?
That is no excuse for you.

What is the use of grumbling and growling?
What is the use of fretting and crying?
Better, by far, be strong and courageous;
Work is done only by trying and trying.

In cold, or heat, in snow or rain,
Let's all be gay together;
And do our work the best we can,
Regardless of the weather.

Smiling is better than frowning,
Singing is better than crying,
Joking is better than grumbling,
Working is better than sighing.

—Virginia Baker.



There are many who need the kinds words we can give,
The aged, the poor, the distressed.
And the heart that is lavish in sharing its gifts
Is the heart that is truly blest.

We could often avert a deal of bother
And a deal of trouble, too,
If we'd put ourself in the place of the other
And see his point of view.



Who Was It?

Some one answered pertly,
Some one pouted, too,
Some one grieved a mother—
I wonder, was it you?

Some one broke a promise,
Some one wasn't true,
Some one failed to study—
I wonder, was it you?

Some one came in tardy,
Idled all day through,
Some one spoke uncleanly—
I wonder, was it you?

—*Susie M. Best.*



Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.

Let us find the sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from the way.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

Right Doing Verses to Memorize.

Be honest in whate'er you do,
None like the child who is untrue.

Let no word from your young lips fall
That you would blush for to recall.

If you're polite to young and old,
You'll surely win friends, manifold.

Be cheerful when you do your work;
The grumbler's apt to prove a shirk.

When you to beasts and birds are kind
They'll love you dearly, you will find.

Learn to control your tongue and mind;
Try to be gentle, generous, kind.

—*Margery Thompson.*



Should you wish to see the man
Who will fight you in life's race,
Just stand before the looking-glass,
And you will see his face.

Sometimes he tempts, again he smiles,
At evil he would do;
But seek each day to conquer him,
And to thyself be true.

—*E. M. P.*

. . . Cheerfulness.

There is a little maiden,
Who is she? Do you know?
Who always has a welcome
Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the Maytime,
Her voice is like a bird's;
The sweetest of all music
Is in her lightsome words.

Each spot she makes the brighter,
As if she were the sun;
And she is sought and cherished,
And loved by every one.

By old folks and by children,
By lofty and by low;
Who is this little maiden?
Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her,
You certainly can guess;
What! I must introduce her,
Her name is Cheerfulness.

Marian Douglass.



There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it
And tenderly nurse it
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

—*Anon.*

To-Day.

To-day, while the sun shines,
 Work with a will;
 To-day all your duties
 With patience fulfill.
 To-day, while the birds sing,
 Harbor no care;
 Call life a good gift,
 Call the world fair.
 To-day, then, love goodness,
 And beauty and truth—
 The crown of your living,
 The grace of your youth.
 To-day is ours only;
 Work, work, while you may,
 There is no to-morrow,
 But only to-day.

—Selected.



Be you tempted as you may,
 Each day and every day,
 Speak what is true—
 True things in great and small;
 Then, though the sky should fall,
 Sun, moon and stars, and all,
 Heaven would show through.

—Alice Cary.



Hearts, like doors, can open with ease
 To very, very little keys;
 And don't forget that two are these:
 "I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

—Selected.

Being Blue.

When folks are glum and sulky,
And cross and fretty, too,
They always say the reason
Is 'cause they are so blue;
But there is Mr. Bluebird,
As blue as blue can be—
Yet, do you know a birdie
That's merrier than he?

I just can't understand it,
Why bluebirds are so gay,
And blue people so gloomy
In all they do and say;
And so I have determined
To try with all my might
To be like Mr. Bluebird,
The kind of blue that's bright.

—*Beth Howland.*



How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers,
It gives its owner passport round the globe.

—*James T. Fields.*



Little children, love each other,
Never give another pain;
If your brother speaks in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

—*Selected.*

Grimps or Grumps.

It is better to be a Grimp than a Grump,
It is also more pleasant by far,
So, if you will listen, I'll tell how you can
Discover which species you are.
If you wake in the morning and do not get up
Until after the breakfast-bell rings;
If you can't find your book or your gloves or your bag,
And some one has hidden your things;
If every one's sober, and nobody smiles;
If the sun has gone under a cloud;
If nobody pays much attention to you,
Although you may speak **very loud**;
In fact, if you find every one in the dumps,
You may be very sure you belong to the Grumps.
But if you get up with a smile on your face,
And whistle a tune as you dress;
Your hat or your gloves may not be in their place,
You're good-humored, nevertheless;
If you look for the sunshine in others you meet,
And give it, unmeasured, to all;
If you think that the world is as right as can be,
And that no one is petty or small;
If you conquer the Grouches and similar imps,
You may be pretty sure you belong to the Grimps.
There isn't much difference, really, you see,
In deciding the sort of a person to be.
The only distinction, you find, if you try,
Consists in the use of the U or the I.
And whether this letter is I or is U,
Depends most of all on your own point of view.

—Robert Seaver.

The World.

"The world is wet," said the little frog.
"What isn't water is mostly bog."
"Oh, not at all!" said the little fly.
"It's full of spiders, and very dry!"
"The world is dark," said the moth so white,
"With many windows and arcs of light."
"My poor young friend, you have much to learn.
The world is green," said the swaying fern.
"Oh, listen, dears," sang the little lark,
"It's wet and dry, and it's green and dark.
To think that's all would be very wrong;
It's arched with blue, and it's filled with song."

—*Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.*



Make Believe.

Let's pretend. It's the most fun
To play at all that's being done
By all the big folks in the town,
Who by our door go up and down.

"Let us play at school to-day,"
Or "Let us play keep house," we say.
Or we can be Queen or King,
Fairy! Giant! Anything!

I am sure it's much more fun
To be many things than one.
Oh, how queerly grown folk play!
What they are, they have to stay.

—*A. L. Sykes.*

What the Sun Sees.

As the Sun travels on from day to day,
 What a lot he must see from the sky's roadway!
 The polar regions of ice and snow
 Where live the reindeer and Eskimo.

The desert sands, so far away,
 And the jungles where wild beasts hold their sway,
 The miles and miles of rolling sea,
 And the prairie lands, with never a tree.

The lofty mountains, topped with snow,
 And the black, dark forests where pine trees grow.
 And the Sun all these can view on high,
 From his lofty roadway in the sky.



Queer Homes.

The Indian in a wigwam lives
 That cleverly is made;
 A framework, strong of poles is set,
 With canvas o'er it laid;
 No furniture does it contain,
 But mats on which he sleeps,
 With baskets large and baskets small,
 In which his food he keeps.

The Filipino on high posts
 His bamboo house will set,
 Thus, when it rains, his floor is dry
 Although the ground is wet;
 He uses woven mats for walls
 Which answer very well;
 His steps are poles together tied,
 His window panes are shell.

The Eskimo an igloo makes
With blocks of pure white snow;
He leaves an opening at the top
Through which the smoke can go.
Snow benches, covered o'er with furs,
Serve him for beds and chairs,
While, by an oil lamp made of stone,
His wife the food prepares.

In little huts built up of sods
Some Laplanders are seen;
Their homes are warm and waterproof,
Tho' oft not very clean;
While other Laplanders reside
In tents of reindeer skin;
Outside the tents they cook their food,
But eat and sleep within.

The Arab, also, has a tent,
Its frame is placed with care,
And covered with a stout, coarse cloth
That's made of camel's hair;
The Arab treats his horse as if
One of the family,
And horse and master sleeping in
One tent you'll sometimes see.

The African constructs a hut
Of grass and bark combined;
No windows has it, but a door
At back and front you'll find;
You'll see a stone for grinding corn,
If in the hut you go;
Some fishing nets and wooden spoons,
With baskets and a hoe.

By means of sliding paper screens
 The clever Japanese
 Make, in their houses, many rooms
 Or few, just as they please;
 Their floors are carpeted with mats,
 They use no chairs at all,
 On pillows made of wood they sleep,
 And eat from tables small.

—*Gail Miller.*



What Was It?

Guess what he had in his pocket?
 Marbles and tops and sundry toys,
 Such as always belong to boys,
 A bitter apple, a leather ball?—
 Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
 A bubble pipe and a rusty screw,
 A brassy watch key broken in two,
 A fishhook in a tangle of string?
 No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
 Gingerbread crumbs, a whistle he made,
 Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
 A nail or two, with a rubber gun?—
 Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket?
 Before he knew it, it slyly crept
 Under the treasures carefully kept,
 And away they all of them quickly stole—
 'Twas a hole. —*Child's Hour.*

When Mary Reads.

When Mary reads at school, you know,
She speaks the words off very slow:
"I-see-a-boy," and things like that,
And "Thomas-have-you-seen-the-cat?"
And teacher says (don't ever tell)
That Mary can't read very well!

But when she reads to Bob and me,
We scarcely want to stop for tea.
She reads the most surprising things
Of birds that talk, and beasts with wings,
And mother always smiles to see
When Mary reads to Bob and me.

It doesn't matter what the book,
Dear Mary only has to look
To see the nicest stories there.
She took Bob's speller, I declare,
And sweeter tales there could not be
Than those she read to Bob and me!

And so we're sure that teacher's wrong,
And Mary'll head the class ere long,
For though the grown folks all can tell
What words the hardest letters spell,
It's wonderful a girl so small
Can read what isn't there at all!
—*Youth's Companion.*



To do to all men as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me kind and just and good,
And so I'll try to be. —*Selected.*

Be a Vertebrate.

If you are a vertebrate,
 Walk straight,
 Talk straight,
 Write straight,
 And fight straight!
 Never whine about your fate,
 Anywhere and everywhere
 Just be on the square.
 Give the other man a chance;
 Help him on while you advance.
 If you are a vertebrate,
 Just live straight!

—*L. W. Zochert.*



The Difference.

A little girl sat by the window one day,
 With very cross face, I'm sorry to say,
 And cried as she looked through the clear windowpane:
 "I think it's too hateful—this tiresome old rain!
 I can't go outdoors
 Because it just pours;
 I'll have to stay in till it's pleasant again."

She'd books, this same girl, and she'd games, and she'd
 toys;
 She'd pictures, and paints—O, she'd plenty of joys;
 But, pouting and sulking (of course, all in vain),
 She said: "It's too hateful, this tiresome old rain!
 I can't go outdoors
 Because it just pours;
 I think it might stop, and be pleasant again."

Now full of delight, every leaf, every flower,
 As down fell the drops of that charming, cool shower;
 Glad robins and bluebirds chirped out a refrain;
 The grass danced for joy, and the upspringing grain;
 All nature's dear voice
 Sang: "Let us rejoice!
 Rejoice in this beautiful, beautiful rain!"

—*Mai Stevens.*



Courtesy.

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
 Is that fine sense which men call courtesy!
 Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
 Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers—
 It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
 And gives its owner passport round the globe.

—*James T. Fields.*



What I Would Be.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
 I would be pure, for there are those who care;
 I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
 I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
 I would be giving and forget the gift;
 I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
 I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

—*Howard Arnold Walter.*

Compensation.

There is never a pain that hides not some gain,
 And never a cup of rue
 So bitter to sup but that in the cup
 Lurks a measure of sweetness, too.

Don't let the song go out of your life:
 Ah! it would never need to go,
 If with thought more true and a broader view,
 We looked at this life below.

—*Selected.*

**Act Now!**

If you see a chance to do
 Something noble, brave and true;
 If you see a chance to say
 Something helpful—now—*to-day*,
 Act and speak, nor be afraid—
 “What’s a sun-dial in the shade?”

—*Adelbert F. Caldwell.*



Flower in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies,
 I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower—but if I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is.

—*Tennyson.*

Be good sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

—*Charles Kingsley.*



The Broken Pinion.

I walked through the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing;
And found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old, sweet strain,
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soars as high again.

I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art;
And, touched with a Christlike pity,
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose
And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared as high again.

But the bird with the broken pinion
Kept another from the snare;
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soars as high again.

The social, friendly, honest man,
 Whate'er he be,
 'Tis he fulfills great Nature's plan,
 And none but he.

—*Robert Burns.*



Let's Laugh and Be Jolly.

Let's look for the bright side,
 For that is the right side;
 Let's seek for the sun!
 Let's shun melancholy.
 It pays to be jolly;
 Let's laugh and have fun!
 Let's vow that our troubles
 Are nothing but bubbles,
 And soon they'll be done!

—*Susie M. Best.*



Autumn.

No sorrow upon the landscape weighs,
 No grief for the vanished summer days,
 But a sense of peaceful and calm repose
 Like that which age in its autumn knows.

The springtime longings are past and gone,
 The passions of summer no longer are known,
 The harvest is gathered, and autumn stands
 Serenely thoughtful with folded hands.

—*Selected.*

Recipe for a Sunny Hour.

How do you make a Sunny Hour?
Just take some right good-will,
Some love, some trust, and faith as well,
Enough to fairly fill
A good-sized heart—and you will find
There's still some room to spare
For impulse, which will prompt kind words,
And actions, here and there.

Mix all together with a smile
That's spiced with willingness;
And daily use of this, my friend,
Will help you to confess
That wheresoever you may seek,
You'll find no recipe
Like this to make a Sunny Hour,
Wherever you may be.

—*M. D. Brine.*



Keep A-Trying.

Say, "I will!" and then stick to it—
That's the only way to do it.
Don't build up awhile and then
Tear the whole thing down again.
Fix the goal you wish to gain,
Then go at it heart and brain,
And, though clouds shut out the blue,
Do not dim your purpose true
With your sighing
Stand erect, and like a man
Know "They can who think they can."
Keep a-trying.

Had Columbus, half seas o'er,
 Turned back to his native shore,
 Men would not, to-day, proclaim
 Round the world his deathless name.
 So must we sail on with him
 Past horizons far and dim,
 Till at last we own the prize
 That belongs to him who tries
 With faith undying;
 Own the prize that all may win
 Who, with hope, through thick and thin,
 Keep a-trying. —*Nixon Waterman.*



It Pays to be Polite.

It don't cost a cent to be polite,
 And it gives a great deal of pleasure;
 I've heard folks say, in a business way,
 'Tis a most advisable measure.

What kind of a merchant would you choose?
 One that was pleasant and clever,
 Or one that would growl and stand with a scowl
 And a civil word for you never.

If you were hiring a boy to work,
 Would you choose one sour and snarly,
 Or one that would smile and keep sweet all the while,
 And never would pout or parley?

True kindness always wins the field,
 And comes off with flying banners;
 So let us try as the days go by
 To always remember our manners.

—*Nellie R. Cameron.*

A Good Rule.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call,
With a friendly glance and an open hand
And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can. —*Selected.*



This world is not so bad a world
As some would choose to make it,
But whether good or bad, we know
Depends on how we take it. —*Selected.*



"There's a term heard nowadays,
'Get busy!'
There's a gold mine in the phrase,
'Get busy!'
You've been shrinking long enough,
If you claim to be good stuff
Show the world it ain't a bluff—
'Get busy!'
You've been wasting precious hours,
'Get busy!'
How about those God-given powers?
'Get busy!'
Idly in one place you stood,
Letting things go as they would;
If you're any earthly good,
'Get busy!'"

The Sunbeams.

"Now what shall I send to the earth to-day?"

Said the great, round, golden sun.

"O, let us go down there to work and play,"

Said the sunbeams every one.

So down to earth in a shining crowd

Went the merry, busy crew;

They painted with splendor each shining cloud

And the sky as they passed through

The sunbeams then through the windows crept,

To the children in their beds,

They poked at the eyelids of those who slept

And gilded their little heads.

"Wake up, little children," they cried in glee,

"And from dreamland come away,

We have brought a present, awake and see,

We have brought you a sunny day."

—*Eleanor Smith's Songs No. II.*



"One asks for sun and one for rain,

An' sometimes bofe together;

I prays for sunshine in my heart,

An' den forgits de weather."



"Kind words can never die,

Cherished and blest.

God knows how deep they lie

Lodged in the breast."

Watch the Corners.

When you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheer-
less day

And feel inclined to grumble, pout or frown,
Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's just because the corners of your mouth turn down.

Then take this simple rhyme,

Remember it in time,

It's always dreary weather in countryside or town

When you wake and find the corners of your mouth
turned down.

If you wake up in the morning full of bright and happy
thoughts,

And begin to count the blessings in your cup,

Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up.

Then take this little rhyme,

Remember all the time,

There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill life's cup

If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned
up.

—*Lulu Linton.*



The Lilt of a Laugh.

I've toiled with the men the world has blessed,

As I've toiled with the men who have failed;

I've toiled with the men who strove with zest,

And I've toiled with the men who wailed.

And this is the tale my soul would tell

As it drifts o'er the harbor bar:

The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,

But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

The men who were near the grumbler's side,
 Oh, they heard not a word he said;
 The sound of a song rang far and wide,
 And they harkened to that instead.
 Its tones were sweet as the tales they tell
 Of the rise of the Christmas star,
 The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
 But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

If you would be heard, at all, my lad,
 Keep a laugh in your heart and throat;
 For those who are deaf to accents sad
 Are alert to the cheerful note.
 Keep hold of the cord of laughter's bell,
 Keep aloof from the moans that mar;
 The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
 But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

—*Frank H. Sweet.*



Keeping Cool.

Some fellows in a losing game
 Are worried, gruff or glum;
 But Roland Hill is just the same,
 No matter what may come.

He faces toward the pitcher's box
 And smiles a friendly smile,
 And then, the chances are, he knocks
 The ball about a mile.

He says, "We'll lick 'em if we try.
 Play up! You're doing fine!"
 And maybe that's the reason why
 He's captain of the nine.

Some fellows, when they miss a shot
In tennis, grunt and frown,
Or twist their faces in a knot
And smash their rackets down.

And some are sure the court is bad
Or rough; and some will say,
"What rotten luck!" while some will add,
"I'm off my game to-day."

But Roland simply plays ahead;
He doesn't sulk, but grins;
And that is why, I've heard it said,
He almost always wins.



The Fellow With Grit.

"There's always a chance in the world, my son,
For the fellow with snap and go;
But the fellow that sighs and never tries
Doesn't stand a ghost of a show.
The path to success is rugged and rough,
There are obstacles stern in the way,
And a fellow can look for some hard knocks
And troubles from day to day.

"You can't sit back in these hustling days
Expecting to reach the top.
There's never a show, I'd have you know,
For the fellow that likes to stop
And linger along in luxury's lap,
To be coddled, and nursed, and fed;
For while he's getting sweet sympathy
The other chap sails ahead.

"There's never a job too hard for a boy
That tackles right in with vim
And lets folks know there's nothing slow
Nor lazy that's ailing him.
It's a homely tale, but 'twill never fail
If you only have nerve to try:
It's the fellow with grit that is sure to get
The biggest plum in the pie."

—*Selected.*



My Penny.

My papa gave me this bright cent,
And I can't rest until it's spent.
But what to buy I can't decide,
Although I've tried and tried and tried.

I can buy a bag of marbles,
Or a pretty rubber ball,
A stick of candy or some gum,
Or peanuts for us all.

A brand new, red lead pencil,
Or a nice new penny pad,
A tin horn or a china doll
To make my sister glad.

A little white and woolly lamb,
Or a buzzer on a crank,
But, no! I think I'll take my cent
And put it in the bank!

—*Rebecca Gray.*

The Reflections of Bobby—Why?

That boys are the queerest creatures
May be seen with half an eye.
I'm a boy—I'm queer—I know it,
But I often wonder why.
Why I'm wide awake as a cricket
When it's time to go to bed,
Why, when I'm called of mornings,
My eyes are heavy as lead.
Why I feel so weak going errands,
When skating, I feel so strong.
Why Saturday's short as a minute,
And schooldays so very long.
Why, when a fellow goes a nutting,
He's just full of jumps and skips.
Then feels like a poor old cripple
When he has to pick up chips.
Why candies as big as marbles
He swallows with right good will,
Then gags and chokes and strangles
Over the tiniest pill.
The longer I think it over
The stranger these facts appear.
I wonder! How I wonder!
What makes boys so queer!

—*Arthur R. O'Hara.*



The Man Who Wins.

The man who wins is the man who works,
The man who toils while the next man shirks;
The man who stands in his deep distress
With his head held high in the deadly press—
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows
 The value of pain and the worth of woes—
 Who a lesson learns from the man who fails
 And a moral finds in his mournful wails;
 Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays
 In the unsought paths and the rocky ways,
 And, perhaps, who lingers, now and then,
 To help some failure to rise again.
 Ah, he is the man who wins!



A Difference of Opinion.

"If weeks were short as days," said Joe,
 "How very fast the time would go.
 Vacation—my, how soon 'twould be!
 I wish they'd change about," said he.

"But if the days as weeks were long
 I guess we'd sing another song.
 Vacation'd be way off, you see,"
 Said Ted, "I think we'll let 'em be."

—*Helen M. Richardson.*



Be kind to every living thing,
 Nor seek to take its life;
 It has its special work to do
 In this great world of strife.
 God gives to each his little day,
 Of work or joy or love;
 Each life is wonderful, and comes
 From God's own hand above. —*Selected.*

I Wonder.

I wonder why the ink is black,
And why the milk is white,
I wonder why all balls are round,
And why the sun is light?

I wonder why the rain is wet,
And why the snow is cold,
And why we can not see the wind,
And if the stars are gold?

I wonder, wonder, all the time,
From morning till nightfall,
When I get big, I wonder if
I'll know about them all?

—*Sarah Gould.*



The Message of March.

Into the frozen river,
Into the willow's stem,
Creepeth a silent quiver,
Bringing the word to them.

Creepeth a gentle stirring
Through the night and the day,
Bearing a marvelous message
Away and away and away;

Far as the outmost limit
Helios speeds his car;
New as the morning's glory;
Old as the morning star.

What is the meaning of it?
 It is the breath of God,
 Breathing anew His promise
 Into the soul and the sod.

—*John C. Minois.*



The Wild Flowers.

In fragrant ways, fern-spread and dim,
 All ceiled in blue,
 With misty curtains floating down,
 Lace-edged with dew,
 Where tattling torrents fill and brim
 And chatter to all winds that blow—
 Starred broideries on Spring's fresh gown—
 The wild flowers grow.

Close cradled in a drowsy bed
 Of softest green
 From tender little dreams of day
 And shade and sheen,
 If waking with a sudden dread
 Where stealthy moonlight shadows creep,
 Lulled back to dreams by night bird's lay
 The wild flowers sleep.

When Dawn walks down the green-walled glades
 With silent feet,
 And from his mate the skyward lark
 With full note sweet
 Upwings as all night's purple fades
 And brooding stars their farewell take—
 Eyes half-adream with the sweet dark—
 The wild flowers wake.

Perchance no pleased eye e'er saw
Their fairness grown;
Their fate may be to live and bloom
And die alone,
By chance crushed out 'neath passing paw
Of some night beast. If said winds sigh,
Their breath is sweet with fragrant doom,
When wild flowers die!

—*Kate A. Benton.*



The Thristle.

Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,
Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the new year is under the blue,
Last year you sang it gladly,
“New, new, new, new!” Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

“Love again, song again, nest again, young again,”
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend—
See, there is hardly a daisy.

“Here again, here, here, here, happy year!”
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

In the Heart of the Woods.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!
Flowers and ferns and the soft green moss;
Such love of the birds in the solitudes
Where the swift wings glance and the treetops toss;
Spaces of silence, swept with song,
Which nobody hears but the God above;
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in His guarding love.
Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,
Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone,
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink;
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn
To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

—Margaret E. Sangster.



Cheerfulness.

Be a cheerful little lady,
Be a cheerful little man,
Sing! Sing and smile, make life worth while,
As everybody can.

Be a sunny little lady,
Be a sunny little man,
A merry laugh will blot out half
The cares in worry's plan.

—Susie M. Best.

Singing in the Rain.

Last night I heard a robin singing in the rain,
And the raindrops' patter made a sweet refrain,
Making all the sweeter the music of the strain.
So, I thought, when trouble comes, as trouble will,
Why should I stop singing? Just beyond the hill
It may be that sunshine floods the green world still.

He who faces trouble with a heart of cheer
Makes the burden lighter. If there falls a tear,
Sweeter is the cadence of the song we hear.
I have learned your lesson, bird of dappled wing,
Listening to your music with the lilt of spring—
When the storm cloud darkens, then's the time to sing.
—Eben E. Rexford.



A Welcome.

They come from Southern orchards,
And deeps of Eastern wood,
They come from city highways,
In crescent crown and hood.
They flit and fly and flutter,
But ere the month is o'er
They'll gather for the summer
About my cabin door.

The cowbird and the plover,
The thrush with crimson breast,
The grebes, along the lakeside,
The blackbirds to their nest.
The dainty, gray song sparrow,
The nuthatch, close beside,
The catbird and the grackle,
Each with me comes to bide.

The killdee and the bluebird,
 The fish-crows and the terns,
 The cuckoo, thief of lodgings,
 Each for the home nest yearns.
 They fly o'er trackless meadows,
 The grosbeak, waxwing, jay,
 The tufted tit, the goldfinch,
 Come northward, day by day.

To each I give a welcome,
 Their songs shall blend in one,
 The March wind bears my greeting,
 "Peace till the year is done.
 My woods your sheltered haven,
 Your tables spread anew,
 O songsters from the Southland,
 God's angels sing in you."

—*L. M. Thornton.*



Two Worlds.

Two wonderful, wonderful worlds are ours,
 The gifts of the God of love,
 And both are bounded by earth below
 And the arching sky above.

And both are full of such wonderful things,
 I really could not tell
 Which one to choose, if the choice were mine,
 For I love them both so well.

The summer world has singing birds,
 And blossoms and leafy trees,
 And waving grasses, and butterflies,
 And berries, and honey bees.

We can fish and swim in the rippling brook,
And tumble among the hay;
We can swing and climb in the orchard trees,
Through the long, sweet summer day.

But the winter world has snow-clad fields,
And ice gems sparkling bright,
And beautiful pictures that Jack Frost draws
On the windowpane in the night.

We can skate far out on the frozen lake
And ride to the sleigh bells' chime,
With our cheeks aglow and our hearts athrill
With the joy of the wintertime.

Two wonderful, wonderful worlds are ours,
You see, I have told you true;
But I could not tell, if the choice were mine,
Which one to choose; could you?
—*Harriet H. Pierson.*



The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be happy as kings.
—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



Among the nobles in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere
Who, without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast.
—*Longfellow.*

A Little Boy's Speech.

I'm just a very little boy,
But not too small, you see,
To celebrate this Arbor Day
And plant a little tree.

I'll dig the hole so carefully,
And hold the trunk up straight,
And cover all the roots with earth;
Then I 'spose I must wait.

But when I'm old as papa is,
Oh, very old and gray,
And wise, and learned, and honored, too,
Then I'll come back some day.

And when I pass the schoolyard by
I'll see my very tree
Shading some other boys and girls;
And oh, how proud I'll be!

—*Bertha E. Bush.*



When It Rains.

When the rain pours down
Let's not fret and frown,
But do quite the other way.
Let us cheerfully smile,
All the dreary while,
And pretend it's a sunshiny day.

—*M. M. G.*

Little Bird Blue.

Little Bird Blue, come sing us a song;
The cold winter weather has lasted so long,
We're tired of skates and we're tired of sleds,
We're tired of snowbanks as high as our heads;
Now we're watching for you,
Little Bird Blue.

Soon as you sing, then the springtime will come,
The robins will call and the honey bees hum,
And the dear little pussies, so cunning and gray,
Will sit in the willow trees over the way;
So hurry, please do,
Little Bird Blue!

We're longing to hunt in the woods, for we know
Just where the spring beauties and liverwort grow.
We're sure thy will peep when they hear your first song,
But why are you keeping us waiting so long,
Waiting for you,
Little Bird Blue? —*Youth's Companion.*



A Bird's Advice.

"Cheer up! cheer up!" the robin calls
In bubbling notes of glee;
"You'll never get discouraged if
You keep your eye on me.

"See how I watch, and tug and pull
In sunshine or in rain;
And if to get a worm I fail,
I try and try again.

"If I should sit and sulk and pout
 Whene'er I fail to find
 A worm down in the dewy grass
 Exactly to my mind.

"How would my little birds be fed
 In yonder leafy tree?
 Cheer up! cheer up! and do not be
 Discouraged—learn of me.

"To try, and try, and try again,
 Still singing on your way.
 A bird's advice, my little friend—
 Try it yourself some day."

—*Helen M. Richardson.*



Robin's Come.

From the elm tree's topmost bough
 Hark, the robin's early song!
 Telling one and all that now
 Merry springtime hastes along;
 Welcome tidings dost thou bring,
 Little harbinger of spring—
 Robin's come!

Of the winter we are weary,
 Weary of the frost and snow,
 Longing for the sunshine cheery,
 And the brooklet's gurgling flow;
 Gladly, then, we hear thee sing
 The reveille of spring—
 Robin's come!

The Woodpecker Chap.

Rap-a-tap-tap, rap-a-tap-tap,
Hark, 'tis the drum of the Woodpecker chap!
Running about on the trunks of the trees,
Busy is he as a half dozen bees;
Hunting the homes of each grub and each bug
Under the bark hidden, cozy and snug.

In black and white coat and wee scarlet cap,
A cute little elf is the Woodpecker chap;
No matter how silent the bugs or worms lie,
They can not escape from his bright, beady eye;
He opens their doors, and, before they can speak
He captures them all with his strong little beak.

The owl is enjoying a long morning nap,
But no time for sleep has the Woodpecker chap;
He's hired himself as a hand on the farm,
To look after insects which do the trees harm;
Rap-tapper-tap, tap, he hammers away,
And he will not stop work till the close of the day.

—*Virginia Baker.*



Spring is Coming.

Spring is coming up the valleys, now the grasses hear
her tread,
And the little sleeping rootlets nod each hidden drowsy
head.

Mother Nature's looms are weaving dresses fine of
every hue,
For the daffodils the yellow, for the windflowers soft,
pale blue.

All the pansy scouts are watching for the enemy's
retreat;

With the sun and wind against him, how can winter
help defeat? —*Ninette M. Lowater.*



Who Stole the Bird's Nest.

Te-whit! te-whit! te-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid
And the nice nest I made?

"Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do,
I gave for you a wisp of hay,
And did not take your nest away;
Not I" said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean as that, now;
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take;
Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean as that, now."

"Not I," said the sheep, "Oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so!
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine;
Baa! baa!" said the sheep; "Oh, no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"'Tis very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame
He didn't like to tell his name.

—Selected.



Question.

I have found the pussy willows,
With their coats of silvery fur,
Playing softly by the wayside,
And have harked to hear them purr.

In the marsh I've seen the cattails
'Mong the grass and fleur-de-lis,
Standing tall, and brown, and slender,
And I've stroked them carefully.

Mamma, this I wish to know,
Ere I lay me on my pillow,
Is the cattail in the marsh
Cousin to the pussy willow?

The Bobolink.

Listen to the bobolink
On the mullein swinging;
What is it he's telling us
While so gaily singing?
"Bob-o-link-link-link-link-link,
Maytime's beautiful, I think."

Coat he wears of glossy black,
Jaunty cap that's snowy;
As he trills, his little heart
Overflows with joy;
"Bob-o-link-link-link-link-link,
Maytime's beautiful, I think."

In the grass he has a nest
Eggs within it lying;
That is why he carols so,
With the bluebird vying;
"Bob-o-link-link-link-link-link,
Maytime's beautiful, I think."

—*Hope Nelson.*



"Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you,
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

"Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by."

Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so.
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

The North Wind brings the snow;
The East Wind brings the shower;
The South Wind makes the fruit trees grow;
The West Wind brings the flower;
And which one is the best,
When I love all so well,
The North or South, the East or West,
Would puzzle me to tell.

—Tarrance.



The Wind.

"Which way does the wind come?
Which way does he go?
He rides over water,
He rides over snow.

"Over wood, over valley,
And o'er the rocky heights
Where a goat can not climb,
He taketh his flight.

"He rages and tosses
In every bare tree;
If you look upward
You plainly may see.

"But whence he does come
And whither he goes,
There's never a scholar
In the world that knows."

The Wind.

I saw you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass.
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid;
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all.
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a-beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



When We Plant a Tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea;
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the plank to withstand the gales,
The keel, the keelson, the beam, the knee:
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
We plant the studding, lath, the doors,
The beams, the siding, all parts that be:
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag;
We plant the staff for our country's flag;
We plant the shade from the hot sun free—
We plant all these when we plant the tree.
—*Henry Abbey.*



The Wind.

What comes howling down the chimney,
Whistling, moaning at the door,
Blowing fiercely round the window,
Sounding like a lion's roar?

What tosses wildly the tresses
Of the schoolgirls on their way?
What dances with leaves and grasses
And joins them in their play?

What whirls the feathery snowflakes
All around the house at night,
And drifts them high by the window
When the wintry stars shine bright?

What comes like one sadly roaming
As if a friend 'twould find?
Listen! You will hear it moaning—
What is it? Why, 'tis the wind.

O March Wind, blow with all your might;
 Set disordered things aright.
 Rustle every dead leaf down;
 Chase the cold all out of town;
 Sweep the streets quite free from dust;
 Blow it off with many a gust;
 Make the earth all clean again,
 And ready for the April rain.

—*St. Nicholas.*



The Wise Dandelion.

Dandelion, sure, is a wise little fellow,
 He carries, in April, an umbrella, yellow,
 It has a long handle and lining of green,
 The cutest umbrella that ever was seen.

When down comes the shower not a penny cares Dandy,
 For there is his yellow umbrella all handy;
 And under its shelter, he sits in the lane,
 And laughs to see Violet wet with the rain.

Then, when the sun once again begins shining,
 He shuts his umbrella with pretty fringed lining,
 And curls himself up for a comfortable nap;
 Now isn't our Dandy a wise little chap?

—*Virginia Baker.*



Fly away, little bird! Southern skies are aglow,
 And our winter is coming in silence and snow;
 Take the words that you taught me on summer days,
 fleet;

And the music you brought me, so tender, so sweet,
 But leave me this wee nest, so lonely and gray!

Fly away, fly away, fly away! —*A. E. A.*

The Song of the Winds.

I've a great deal to do, a great deal to do;
Don't speak to me, children, I pray,
These little boys' hats must be blown off their heads,
And the little girls' bonnets away.

There are signs to be creaked and doors to be slammed;
Loose window blinds, too, must be shaken!
When you see all the business I have for to-day,
You'll see how much trouble I've taken.

I saw some ships leaving the harbor to-day,
So I'll e'en go to help them along,
And flap the white sails, and howl thro' the shrouds,
And join in the sailor boy's song.

Then I'll mount to the clouds, and away they will sail
On their gorgeous wings through the bright sky;
I bow to no mandate, save only to His
Who reigneth in glory on high.

—Selected.



A Neat Family.

Tap, tap, young Mr. Woodpecker
Was busy as a bee,
For he had started out to build
Up in the cherry tree.

He cut a dainty little hole,
The chips flew thick and fast,
The entry and the living room
Were finished up at last.

Upon the polished floor was laid
Some shaving mats quite fine,
Where Mrs. Downy Woodpecker
Might ask her guests to dine.

No litter lay around the door
For neighbor folks to see,
Woodpecker said that tidy ways
Ran in his family.

If tiny birds can be so neat,
Why should not children, too?
For careless habits soon will grow,
And trouble make for you.

—*Lizzie DeArmond.*



He who plants a tree plants a hope;
Rootlets out through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold unto horizons free;
So man's life must climb,
From the sods of time,
Unto heaven sublime.

He who plants a tree plants love,
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant! God does the rest:
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree;
And his work its own reward shall be.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

The First Singer.

We heard a bluebird singing, the song was magic-sweet;

He swung upon the lilac, the snow was round his feet;
The wind blew roughly o'er him, the sky was steely gray,

But yet he perched there, singing the chilling gloom away.

Brave traveler from the Southland, perhaps you came too soon;

For ice still binds the streamlets, the sun is wan at noon;

The violets are sleeping close in their earthy bed,
And not a greening blade of grass has dared to show its head.

But, O, we're glad to greet you, sweet harbinger of spring;

No sound was e'er so welcome as your gay caroling;
Courageous little songster upon the leafless spray,
A-singing and a-singing our weariness away!

—*From Farm Journal.*



How pleasant the life of a bird must be,

Flitting about in each leafy tree;

In the leafy trees so broad and tall,

Like a green and beautiful palace hall,

With its airy chambers, light and boon,

That open to sun and stars and moon;

That open to the bright blue sky,

And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

I Killed a Robin.

I killed a robin, the little thing,
With scarlet breast and glossy wing,
That comes in the apple tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there;
I only meant to give him a scare,
But off it went—and hit him square.

A little flutter—a little cry—
Then on the ground I saw him lie;
I didn't think he was going to die.

But as I watched him I soon could see
He never would sing for you and me
Any more on the apple tree;

Never more in the morning light,
Never more in the sunshine bright,
Trilling his song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking every summer day,
How never, never I can repay
The little life that I took away!

—*Exchange.*



The Robin.

In the elm tree sat the robin bright,
Through the rainy April day,
And he caroled clear with pure delight
In the face of the sky so gray.

And the silver rain through the blossoms dropped,
And fell on the robin's coat
And his brave red breast, but he never stopped
Piping his cheerful note.

For oh, the fields were green and glad,
And the blissful life that stirred
In the earth's wide breast, was full and warm
In the heart of the little bird.

The rain cloud lifted, the sunset light
Streamed wide over valley and hill;
As the plains of heaven the land grew bright,
And the warm south wind was still.

Then loud and clear called the happy bird,
And rapturously he sang,
Till wood and meadow and riverside
With jubilant echoes rang.

But the sun dropped down in the quiet west,
And he hushed his song at last.
All nature softly sank to rest,
And the April day had passed. —*Celia Thaxter.*



"And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Four Leaf Clover.

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry bloom bursts with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for Hope, and one is for Faith
And one is for Love, you know;
And God put another one in for Luck—
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have Hope, and you must have Faith;
And you must love and be strong, and so—
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—Ella Higginson.



Lilacs.

Ah! I've seen the pussy willows,
With dainty, furry faces;
I've found the pretty violets
Abloom in shady places;
The jonquil and the crocus
Have told me of the spring,
And in the orchard up and down
Has glanced the bluebird's wing.

But here's the purple lilac
That lifts its fragrant plumes
And sends a waft of sweetness
Through homely cottage rooms,
Its hardy branches tapping
Against the farmhouse eaves,
The flowers it gives us growing
In generous, waving sheaves.

I'm sure the mother robin
Is very glád to see
The lilac's screen about her*
Wee nest and fledglings three,
And father wren is singing
In pure delight to-day
That spring is here already,
And summer on the way.

And I am glad our Father,
Whose love is over all,
Who counts the stars by number,
And sees a sparrow fall,
Has sent again the lilacs
To make the garden fair,
And waft their honeyed sweetness
Upon the wandering air.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in *Young People's Weekly*.



The Nest.

When oaken woods with buds are pink,
And new-come birds each morning sing,
When fickle May on Summer's brink
Pauses and knows not which to fling;
Whether fresh bud and bloom again.
Or hoar-frost silvering hill and plain;

Then from honeysuckle gray
The oriole, with experienced quest,
Twitches the fibrous bark away,
The cordage of his hammock nest,
Cheering his labor with a note
Rich as the orange of his throat.

High o'er the loud and dusty road
 The soft gray cut in safely swings,
 To brim o'er August, with its load
 Of downy breasts and throbbing wings,
 O'er which the friendly elm tree leaves
 An emerald roof with sculptured eaves.

Below, the noisy world drags by
 In the old way, because it must.
 * * * * *

Thy duty, winged flame of Spring,
 Is but to love and fly and sing.

Oh, happy life, to soar and sway,
 Above the life by mortals led,
 Singing the merry months away,
 Master, not slave, of daily bread,
 And, when the Autumn comes, to flee
 Wherever sunshine beckons thee.

—*J. Russell Lowell.*



Memory Gems.

All that you do, do with your might;
 Things done by halves are never done right.

—*A. D. Stoddard.*



I must take my turn at the mill,
 I must grind out the golden grain,
 I must work at my task with a resolute will,
 Over and over again.

—*Josephine Pollard.*

The Bluebird.

Among the windy boughs of March
A silver note I heard,
And saw against the morning sky
A blue and bonny bird.
A feathered soldier, bright and brave
Who faced the chilly hours
Of early spring to sound again
The roll-call of the flowers.
O violet in the withered moss,
Awake from sleep once more;
Come, daffodils and crocuses,
The winter snows are o'er;
And tulip, light your flaming torch,
And snowdrop, meek and pale,
Arise and strew your dainty bells
Like pearls o'er hill and dale.
Then forth from every spot of earth
Where rootlets ever grew
With silken banners floating free,
And plumes of varied hue,
And slender spears of living green,
And tiny golden shields,
The army of the blossoms came
And took the woods and fields.

—*Minna Irving.*



Growing.

A little rain and a little sun,
And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing up and a reaching out,
Then leaves and tendrils all about;
Ah, that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know?

A little work, and a little play,
 And lots of quiet sleep;
 A cheerful heart and a sunny face,
 And lessons learned, and things in place;
 Ah, that's the way the children grow,
 Don't you know?

—*Little Men and Women.*



March.

The stormy March is come at last,
 With wind, and cloud, and changing skies,
 I hear the rushing of the blast
 That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
 Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
 Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
 Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again
 The glad and glorious sun dost bring;
 And thou hast joined the gentle train
 And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
 In joy that they again are free,
 And, brightly leaping down the hills,
 Renew their journey to the sea.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
 And that soft time of sunny showers,
 When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
 Seems of a brighter world than ours.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

Good-Bye.

Good-bye, good-bye, old Winter gray!
Your reign is fairly over!
We'll gladly change your snow and ice
For fresh green grass and clover!

Just for your comfort, Winter gray,
We hope you will remember
With how much joy we welcomed in
Your chilly, grim December!

But ah! the green and radiant hills!
The meadows, freshly glowing!
The streams, imprisoned for so long,
So gaily, gladly flowing!

We mean to be polite to you,
And shake your hand at parting;
But, dear old Winter, gray old friend,
Please don't delay your starting.

—*Youth's Companion.*



Killing the Birds.

I used to kill birds in my boyhood,
Bluebirds and robins and wrens,
I hunted them up in the mountains,
I hunted them down in the glens.
I never thought it was sinful—
I did it only for fun—
And I had rare sport in the forest
With the poor little birds and my gun.

But one beautiful day in the springtime
I spied a brown bird in a tree,
Merrily swinging and chirping,
As happy as bird could be,
And, raising my gun in a twinkling,
I fired, and my aim was too true,
For a moment the little thing fluttered,
Then off to the bushes it flew.

I followed it quickly and softly,
And there to my sorrow I found,
Right close to its nest full of young ones,
The little bird dead on the ground!
Poor birdies! For food they were calling;
But now could never be fed,
For the kind mother-bird who had loved them
Was lying there bleeding and dead.

I picked up the bird in my anguish,
I stroked the wee motherly thing
That could never more feed its dear young ones,
Nor dart through the air on swift wing.
And I made a firm vow in that moment,
When my heart with such sorrow was stirred,
That never again in my lifetime
Would I shoot a poor innocent bird!

—*Boyce's Monthly.*



The Lilac.

The sun shone warm, and the lilac said,
"I must hurry and get my table spread,
For if I am slow and dinner late,
My friends, the bees, will have to wait."

So delicate lavender glass she brought,
And the daintiest china ever bought,
Purple-tinted, and all complete;
And she filled each cup with honey sweet.

"Dinner is ready!" the spring wind cried;
And from hive and hiding far and wide,
While the lilac laughed to see them come,
The little gray-jacketed bees flew hum-m!

They sipped the syrup from every cell,
They nibbled at taffy and caramel;
Then, without being asked, they all buzzed, "We
Will be very happy to stay to tea."

—*Clara Doty Bates.*



The Dandelion.

He smoothed with pride his yellow hair—

He liked its color, vain young chap—

And pitied Daisy just because

She tucked her's in her snowy cap.

"Oh, ho," he cried, "my hair's so thick

I couldn't do that if I tried."

"You'd keep it longer if you did,"

The Daisy with a smile replied.

Alas! her words were all too true;

For, left uncovered day and night,

The sun and rain beat on his head

And turned his golden locks to white.

And soon a dreadful thing occurred,

At which the Daisy looked appalled:

A blustering wind swept by, and lo!

He left the poor old fellow bald.

—*Lillian Howard Cort, in Lippincott's.*

A Secret.

Someone told me a secret to-day,
 Someone was Bluebird Waistcoat-Gay,
 Told me the flowers are coming,
 Told me a bee was humming—
 Humming a tune of an ancient rune
 To the tap of a woodpecker's drumming.
 Somebody knows that he is right;
 Somebody sees when the days are bright—
 Days are bright and sun is high,
 Blue comes stealing o'er the sky.
 Skies are clear when spring is near;
 Violets bloom where bluebirds fly.
 I'll whisper something, if you won't tell,
 Yesterday, down in cowslip dell,
 A violet I found peeping,
 The grasses I saw creeping,
 Creeping along to the bluebird's song
 While most of their mates were sleeping.

—Alice A. Flagg.

**The Crocuses.**

Brave little daughters of the Spring
 All radiant and gay.
 For your dear mother's "Opening"
 Your very best you always bring,
 Nor ever fail the day.

How fast your tiny shuttles flew,
 Weaving those garments bright!
 Such royal purple Tyrians knew—
 The lavender, the gold, the blue—
 The robes of spotless white.

We feared our darlings were all dead
(So dark and drear the day).
O'erjoyed, we saw each pretty head
Peep through the snow. Then from your bed
You rose in bright array.

You dear, brave children of the snow,
You little heed the weather;
The storms may howl, the winds may blow,
Your hearts no fear will ever show
While you stand close together.

What lessons we might learn of you
If we were not self-blinded;
No task is ever hard to do
If close we stand—brave hearts and true—
And nobly willing-minded. —*Antoinette Smith.*



Bluebird.

Cheerily, earth! Be glad and sing;
Love is above; the year's at the spring,
The face of the sky on his azure wings,
The warm, brown earth on his homely breast:
And springing between them, in double birth
Of the changeless sky and the changing earth,
This voice of the spring's first herald blest!
O earth be glad. The brown breast heaves,
For God is above. The wings upstart—
Is this thy message by mortals heard?
Since heaven and earth can touch in a bird,
Perhaps they are never so far apart.
Cheerily, earth! Be glad and sing;
Love is above; the year's at the spring.
—*William J. Long.*

The Song Sparrow.

Of all the merry singers
With which the world is blest,
A happy little neighbor
Is the bird I like the best.
For wherever you go straying
You can hear his round-e-lay:
As if his heart were saying
"How sweet-sweet-sweet-the world is."
I can tell him by his motion
And the spot upon his breast,
But by his little ditty
I know and love him best.
For he sings in all the seasons,
In the sunshine and the rain.
He sings as if he reasons,
"How sweet-sweet-sweet-the world is."
Though his song is very humble,
He sings it from his heart.
He lures you not to wooded deeps
By some illusive art,
But he bravely waits to meet you,
Like a genial, kindly friend
And with this song he greets you—
"How sweet-sweet-sweet-the world is."
And so, my little sparrow,
We have named you for your song;
For by your cheery presence
You help the world along.
And whoever passes near you
May catch the same refrain;
If he has ears to hear you—
"How sweet-sweet-sweet-the world is."

—E. C. Herrick.

The Hidden Flute.

'Twas just before the end of day,
And after sudden rain,
When from the wet and shining wood
Arose the silver strain,
And, stumbling over tangled vines
And many a twisted root,
We ran along the narrow path
To find the hidden flute.

We heard him practice o'er and o'er
The same melodious air,
And traced the music to its source,
And found no player there.
But while into each other's eyes
We gazed with wonder mute,
Above us rippled out again
The rapture of the flute.

The sun upon the tallest tree
A shaft of glory threw,
And tilting on the topmost bough
Against the breezy blue
We saw a lark with spotted breast
And sober russet suit,
And swelling in his little throat
Beheld the hidden flute.

—*Minna Irving, in The Arena.*



Beauty.

Seek not afar for beauty. Lo! it glows
In dew-wet grasses all about thy feet,
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet;
In stars and mountain summits tipped with snow.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought.
The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine command;
Life's common deeds built all that saints have thought.
—*Selected.*



The Gladness of Nature.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

A. Rain Song.

Don't you love to lie and listen
Listen to the rain,
With its little patter, patter,
And its tiny clatter clatter,
And its silvery spatter, spatter,
On the roof and on the pane?

Yes, I love to lie and listen,
Listen to the rain.
It's the fairies—Pert and Plucky,
Nip and Nimble-toes and Lucky,
Trip and Thimble-nose and Tucky—
On the roof and on the pane!

That's my dream the while I listen,
Listen to the rain.
I can see them running races,
I can watch their laughing faces
At their gleeful games and graces,
On the roof and on the pane!
—*Clinton Scollard, in a Boys' Book of Rhyme.*



"If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep agoin'!
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep agoin'!
'Tain't no use to sit and whine,
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'—
Keep agoin'!"

The Heart of the Tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants the friend of sun and sky,
He plants the flag of breezes free,
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard,
The treble of heaven's harmony;
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain
And seed and bud of days to be
And years that fade and flush again.
He plants the forest's heritage,
The harvest of a coming age,
The joy that unborn eyes shall see;
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good,
His blessing on the neighborhood.
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land,
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

—H. C. Bunner.



My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure. —Tennyson.

An April Welcome.

Come up, April, through the valley, in your robes of
beauty dressed,
Come and wake your flowery children from their win-
try beds of rest;
Come and overblow them softly with the sweet breath
of the south;
Drop upon them, warm and loving, tenderest kisses of
your mouth.

Touch them with your rosy fingers, wake them with
your pleasant tread,
Push away the leaf-brown covers, over all their faces
spread;
Tell them how the sun is waiting longer daily in the
skies
Looking for the bright uplifting of their softly-fringed
eyes.

Call the crowfoot and the crocus, call the pale anemone,
Call the violet and the daisy, clothed with careful mod-
esty;
Seek the low and humble blossoms, of their beauties
unaware,
Let the dandelion and fennel show their shining yellow
hair.

—*Phoebe Cary.*



Spring.

Glad brooks leap, and sparkling sweep
Mountain torrents, river-won;
Light-winged fly the bluebirds by,
And their trillings rippling run
'Cross the sunrise to the sun—
Spring's begun.

Golden thrills wake daffodils,
 And their hearts warm noons ensphere;
 All the hues rich sunsets lose
 In the crocuses appear;
 Dazzlingly the hill crests rear—
 Spring is here.

White as mist by moonlight kissed,
 Crystal as an angel's tear,
 Lillies shine, as oped for sign
 That the Easter time is near;
 Jubilate—ring it clear—
 Spring is here.

—C. E. Whiton-Stone.



The Legend of the Pussy Willow.

In the good old town of York
 There lived so many cats,
 That the people were never bothered
 By very many rats.

But the mayor was very cross,
 And chased them out of town.
 Over hills and mounds of moss
 They ran; now up, now down.

They tried to cross the river
 At the foot of the grassy hill;
 But they found the stream was very deep
 Beyond the old sawmill.

The old cats swam across,
But the young ones could not swim;
Seeing a friendly willow tree,
They crawled out on a limb.

And ever since that time, they say,
When springtime rolls around,
Upon the willow branches
The pussies may be found.

—*Helen M. Holt.*



April.

'Tis the noon of the springtime, yet never a bird
In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard;
For green meadow grasses wide levels of snow,
And blowing of drifts where the crocus should blow;
Where windflower and violet, amber and white,
On south-sloping brooksides should smile in the light,
O'er the cold winter beds of their late waking roots
The frosty flake eddies, the ice crystal shoots;
And, longing for light, under wind-driven heaps,
Round the boles of the pine wood the ground laurel
creeps,
Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,
With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst into
flowers!
We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south!
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth;
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Spring is Coming.

Oh, list to the jubilant music,
That cometh from mountain and plain,
And this the sweet song that is ringing—
The springtime is coming again.

The hum of the stream from the hillside
That's broken its cold, icy chain
Is murmuring the anthem of gladness—
The springtime is coming again.

Our hearts would be glad with the springtime,
And banish life's sorrow and pain,
And join with the chorus of voices—
The springtime is coming again.

For sure as spring opens the blossom,
And sunshine succeedeth the rain,
Hope singeth this glad song of promise—
Life's springtime will flower again.

—*Annie R. Stephens.*



Two Kinds of People.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.
And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—*Emerson.*



It is easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.—*George Eliot.*



To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing.—*Carlyle.*



Autumn is here again—
Banners on hill and plain,
 Blazing and flying.
Hail to the Amber morn,
Hail to the heaped up corn,
Hail to the hunter's horn,
 Swelling and dying.
—*James Russell Lowell.*



A Plaint.

With all the things there is to do,
All winter and all summer, too;
With make-believes and really-true,
Why do the grown folks always say,
“What do you do, little girl, all day?”

I'm busy every day till late—
I have to go to bed at eight—
And every week is just that way;
But people laugh and nod and say,
“What do you do, little girl, all day?”

Now, all the time I wonder why,
If they was once real small like I,
They doesn't 'member how to play,
But always has to smile and say:
“What do you do, little girl, all day?”
—*Emma Lee Walton.*

In Men Whom Men Condemn.

In men whom men condemn as ill
 I find so much of goodness still,
 In men whom men pronounce divine
 I find so much of sin and blot,
 I hesitate to draw the line
 Between the two, where God has not.

—*Joaquin Miller.*



Just whistle a bit, if the way be dark
 And the sky be overcast;
 If mute be the voice of the piping lark,
 Why, pipe your own small blast.

Just whistle a bit, if the night be drear
 And the stars refuse to shine;
 And a gleam that mocks the starlight clear,
 Within you glows benign.

Just whistle a bit, if there's work to do,
 With the mind or in the soil,
 And your note will turn out a talisman true,
 To exorcise grim Toil.

Just whistle a bit, if your heart be sore;
 'Tis a wonderful balm for pain.
 Just pipe some old melody o'er and o'er
 Till it soothes like the summer rain.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*



What we call "Luck" is simply Pluck,
 And the doing things over and over;
 Courage and will, perseverance and skill,
 Are the four leaves of "Luck's" clover.

Be Short.

Long visits, long stories, long essays, long exhortations, and long prayers, seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. Learn to condense, abridge and intensify. We can bear things that are dull if they are only short. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is over soon; while even pleasure grows insipid, and pain intolerable, if they are not contracted. Learn to be short. Lop off the branches; stick to the main facts in your case. If you speak, tell your message, and hold your peace; if you write, boil down two sentences into one, and three words into two.—*Selected.*



We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter,
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.



A Boy's Mother.

My mother she's so good to me.
Ef I was good as I could be
I couldn't be as good. No, sir,
Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad er mad;
She loves me when I'm good er bad;
An' what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me;
That don't hurt, but it hurts to see
Her cryin'—nen I cry; an' nen
We both cry—an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews
My little cloak and Sunday clothes;
An' when my pa comes home to tea
She loves him 'most as much as me.

She laughs and tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
An' I hug her an' hug my pa,
A' love him purt' nigh much as ma.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*



Thanksgiving Day—When?

When is that day, Thanksgiving Day,
We hear so much about?
Is it one day, one day alone,
From all the rest set out?

Now, think, just think, why should it be,
One day in all the year,
That we should praise His holy name
For blessings He sends here?

Three hundred and sixty-five days
He gives us our daily bread,
Then why should we come one day alone,
And humbly bow our heads?

Ah, no! that day is but a sign,
And through the whole long year
Our thanks should to the Lord ascend
For all that we hold dear.

—*A. W. C.*

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day."
—Wordsworth.



Let us pretend that you and I
 Have no real cause to cry
 At the stones that bruise us so
 In the pathway we are treading—
 Tired, tired feet are treading—
 We are dancing as we go,
 Like we used to long ago,
 Let's pretend.

—Selected.



"Life is a leaf of paper white
 Whereon each one of us may write
 His word or two and then comes night,
 Greatly begin! Though thou have time
 But for a line, be that sublime."



The best thing that hearts that are thankful can do
 Is this: To make thankful some other heart, too;
 For lives that are grateful and sunny and glad
 To carry their sunshine to hearts that are sad;
 For children who have all they want and to spare,
 Their good things with poor little children to share;
 For this will bring blessings, and this is the way
 To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving day.
—Selected.

Speak Kindly.

Speak kindly, the heart may be breaking beneath the
mask of a smile;
Speak kindly, hope may be forsaking and courage be
waning the while;
The song she is cheerily singing may be but a sad,
patient prayer
That makes the sorrow so stinging a little easier to
bear.

Speak kindly, you know not the heart-life nor what the
trials have been;
Speak kindly, you know not the soul-strife that may be
raging within;
A word that is cheeringly spoken may lighten the load
of care;
But a word that is sneeringly spoken may plunge a soul
to despair.

—*Calia Altstaetter.*

**Jack Frost.**

The moon trimmed her lantern bright,
And hung it where its rays would light
Through the woods, one autumn night,
A tiny figure dressed in white.

Who with pallet and brush in hand,
Journeyed through the woodlands grand,
Whistling merrily all the way,
Painting the leaves with colors gay,

Brown and crimson, orange and gold,
Green and garnet in coloring told:
Who was the artist so fine and free
That royally dressed the woodland trees?

—*Alice C. Fisher.*

Somebody did a golden deed;
 Somebody proved a friend in need;
 Somebody sang a beautiful song;
 Somebody smiled the whole day long;
 Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live;"
 Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
 Somebody fought a valiant fight;
 Somebody lived to shield the right;
 Was that "Somebody" you?

—*Selected.*



Unafraid.

Who's afraid of a cow!

They're so gentle and kind

You can go up quite close and they none of 'em mind.
 And they like little girls, so I've heard people say—
 But I wish, O I wish, they was further away!

Pooh!—who's afraid?

They're as good as can be,

An' one's a child cow that is younger than me.
 An' they give us good milk—an' there's nothing to fear—
 But I wish, O I wish, that my Daddy was here!

—*Burges Johnson, in Harper's.*



A hundred noble wishes fill my heart,

I long to help each soul in need of aid,

In all good works my zeal would have its part

Before no weight of toil it stands afraid.

But noble wishes are not noble deeds,

And he does least who seeks to do the whole;

Who works the best, his simplest duties heeds,

Who moves the world, first moves a single soul.

—*C. F. Richardson.*

Autumn.

Ho for the bending sheaves!
 Ho for the crimson leaves
 Flaming in splendor!
 Season of ripened gold,
 Plenty in crib and fold,
 Skies with depth untold,
 Liquid and tender.

Autumn is here again—
 Banners on hill and plain
 Blazing and flying.
 Hail to the amber morn,
 Hail to the heaped-up corn,
 Hail to the hunter's horn,
 Swelling and dying!

—James Russell Lowell.



All in an Hour.

"Eight o'clock. Why, it's almost school time!"
 And Ted looked up at the sun.
 "There's really no use in beginning,
 When you can't get anything done!"
 So he wasted a whole long hour,
 Tick! tick! it went slowly by.
 What wonders he might have accomplished,
 Had he only the pluck to try!

"An hour! Why, that's sixty minutes!"
 Cried Dick, with his face aglow.
 "I've time to read over my lessons,
 And run on an errand or so!"
 He blacked father's boots in addition,
 Combed Brother Bob's curly brown hair,
 Mailed some letters, and brought in the eggs—
 And then had three minutes to spare!

A. F. Caldwell, in *Youth's Companion*.

The Secret.

We have a secret, just we three,
The robin, and I, and the sweet cherry tree;
The bird told the tree and the tree told me,
And nobody knows but just us three.

But, of course, the robin knows it best,
Because he built—I sha'n't tell the rest;
And laid the four little—something in it—
I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
Though I know when the little birds fly about,
Then the whole secret will be out.
—*Arbor Day Manual.*



Fall Gossip.

Said Mrs. Maple to her neighbor,
"Have you got your new fall gown?
Mr. Frost has lovely samples,
That he's brought from Wintertown.

"I thought I'd get a yellow,
With a woodbine sash of red,
Something bright for chilly weather,
And that's stylish, Jack Frost said."

So when hickories, oaks and maples
Were in gold and crimson dressed,
Looked they into water mirrors,
Seeing which one looked the best.
—*Anonymous.*



Small habits, well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes.
—*Hannah More.*

Do You S'pose?

Do you s'pose little flies, with their thousands of eyes,
When their mother is busy with tea,
Ever climb on the chairs and get in her way,
And cry, "Lemme see, lemme see?"

Do you s'pose little fish, when their mothers wish
To take a short nap—just a wink—
Ever pound on the door with their soft little fins,
And whimper, "Please gimme a d'ink?"

Do you s'pose little quails as they creep through the rails,
And into the weeds where they stay,
Ever ask mother dear when her head aches so hard,
"But why can't I whistle to-day?"

Do you s'pose little bees, as they hum in the trees,
And find where the honey sweets lurk,
Ever ask of their father, who's busy nearby,
"I know—but what for must I work?"

Do you s'pose, do you s'pose that any one knows
Of a small boy who might think awhile
Of all this and more? You do? So I thought—
And now let us see if he'll smile!



If we noticed little pleasures,
As we notice little pains;
If we quite forget our losses
And remembered all our gains;
If we looked for people's virtues
And their faults refused to see,
What a pleasant, cheerful,
Happy place this world would be.

The Land of "Pretty Soon."

I know a land where the streets are paved
 With the things we meant to achieve;
 It is walled with the money we meant to have saved
 And the pleasures for which we grieve;
 The kind words unspoken, the promise broken,
 And many a coveted boon,
 Are stowed away there, in that land somewhere—
 The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame
 Lying about in the dust,
 And many a noble and lofty aim
 Covered with mold and rust;
 And O this place, while it seems so near
 Is farther away than the moon;
 Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—
 The land of "Pretty Soon."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Educational Exchange.



A Motto.

Be just and true,
 In all you do,
 Good fortune, then,
 Will follow you.



September.

The goldenrod is yellow;
 The corn is turning brown;
 The trees in apple orchards
 With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
 Are curling in the sun;
 In dusky pods the milkweed
 Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
 In every meadow nook;
 And asters by the brookside
 Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
 The grapes' sweet odors rise,
 At noon the roads all flutter
 With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
 September days are here,
 With summer's best of weather,
 And autumn's best of cheer.

—*Helen Hunt.*



The Birds.

Don't rob the birds of their eggs, boys;
 'Tis cruel and heartless and wrong,
 And remember, by breaking an egg, boys,
 We may lose a bird with a song.
 When careworn, weary and lonely .
 Some day as you're passing along,
 You'll rejoice that the egg wasn't broken
 That gave you the bird with the song.

—*Philipps Fisher.*



Every day is a fresh beginning;
 Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
 And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
 And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,
 Take heart with the day, and begin again!

—*Susan Coolidge.*

Memory Gem.

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

—*John Wesley.*



Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth would teach;
Thy soul must overflow,
If thou another soul would reach;
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the life full speech.

—*Selected.*

THE DARING YARDMASTER.

By LOUISE RAND BASCOM.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

WILLIAM SOUTHWICK, *Yardmaster for the
L. & N. R. R.*

LANE HUNT, *Superintendent of the same road.*

(Enter Southwick in conversation with Hunt. Southwick wears overalls and carries a hammer and some sheets of cardboard for billing cars. Hunt is well dressed.)

Hunt. Well, I hope the farmers are going to have a better season this year. Good crops mean bigger dividends for the railroads, and we didn't do much last year on account of the heavy rains.

Southwick. Yes, sir, that's so. I've been thinking about that myself.

Hunt (looking out of window.) Why, man, there's freight car No. 729 that I've twice told you to send on. What do you mean by disobeying me?

Southwick (embarrassed.) Well, it wasn't really needed, sir, and so I—just thought I wouldn't.

Hunt (angrily.) Thought you wouldn't. You have no right to think anything different when the Superintendent of this road gives you orders. Let the switch engine pull out 729 at once. If I come back to-morrow and find that you have disobeyed me again, I'll discharge you. Are you going to send the car on or not?

Southwick. Begging your pardon, sir, I am not.

Hunt. You puzzle me, Southwick. I have always known you to execute the orders of your superiors with neatness and despatch. If you will give me some reason for your obstinacy I shall be much relieved.

Southwick (embarrassed.) It's just a whim of mine, sir, not to have the car moved just yet.

Hunt (kindly.) Come, come, Southwick, you are too sensible a man to give such an answer as that. Let's have the truth.

Southwick (defiantly). Well, sir, if you must have a reason, it's on account of the birds.

Hunt. On account of the birds!

Southwick. Yes, sir. I found that a pair of thrushes had nested on the trucks of car 729, and they had six little ones. I knew if they moved the car the little ones would die, and so I thought I'd try to keep it here till they could fly, sir. They'll be ready in a day or two now.

Hunt. I found out this story from one of the men, Southwick, and your attitude does you credit. The six little thrushes will eat enough insects this summer to save sufficient farm produce to fill that car.

Southwick. Yes, I thought of that, sir.

Hunt. Well, the president of the Audubon Society has heard of your act, and he is now outside in the yard. He wants to present you

with a medal before the rest of the men, so come along. First, though, I want to shake hands with you, for a man that can do that sort of a thing is a hero, Southwick.

Southwick (shaking hands sheepishly.) It's nothing to make such a fuss about, sir. Anybody that thinks will save the birds.

THE SORRY-FOR-IT SOCIETY.

By LOUISE RAND BASCOM.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MURIEL HOLT.....*President of the Society*

SUSY JONES.....*Secretary*

MARGARET AMES,

MAY KANE,

MABEL WHITE,

VIRGINIA GALE,

ZILLA REDMAN,

} *Very active members
of the Society*

Other Members.

(Enter Society members laughing and talking. They seat themselves R. facing the President and Secretary, who take their positions at a table L.)

President (standing and rapping on the table until the room is quiet.) The Sorry-for-It Society will please come to order. The Secretary will kindly read the roll call, and you may answer as usual.

Secretary (rising and reading.) Margaret Ames.

Margaret (rising.) I want to say that I'm sorry I made fun of the way Mrs. Rose walks. I thought she did it that way on purpose, but I've found out since that she was dreadfully burned trying to save some little children in a big fire, and she has never walked right since.

President. Did you tell Mrs. Rose you were sorry?

Margaret. No; she doesn't know I've made fun of her, and so as I thought it might hurt her if I apologized, I've confessed to the Club. I've learned that if I don't judge too hastily I haven't so much to be sorry for. (Seats herself.)

President. We can all say the same thing, I'm sure. Let us proceed with the roll call.

Secretary. May Kane.

May (rising.) I'm sorry I said mother was so cross I could hardly live with her. She has been working nights to make sister and me new dresses for Margaret's party, and she's all tired out. (Resumes seat.)

Secretary. Mabel White.

Mabel (rising.) I'm sorry for bushels of things, and I've been busy all week telling people so, but I've decided that the principle of our Society is only half right.

Chorus. What?

Mabel. I think we ought to be called the Do Better Club. Of course it's all right to be sorry for the rude and wrong things you've done, and it is nice to apologize for them, but people get tired of hearing you say you're sorry if you don't do better. (Resumes seat.)

Virginia. I move we be known hereafter as the Do Better Club. (Cries of "Second the motion.")

President. Those in favor of changing the name of our Society to that of the Do Better

Club, please say Aye. (Chorus of "ayes.") Contrary minded? The ayes have it.

Zilla (rising.) Madame President, I think everybody ought to belong to the Do Better Club—not just girls, but boys and grown men and women. (Cries of "Yes," "Yes.")

President. I think I see your idea, and I heartily endorse the plan. (Turns to the audience appealingly.) Won't you all join the Do Better Club? Don't be just sorry because you haven't written for a long, long time to your mother or some one dear to you, but go and write to-day and then do it again next week. If you did your tasks badly to-day, don't be merely sorry; determine to do better to-morrow and live up to your resolution. If you've hurt a friend and tell her you're sorry, don't let that be enough but see to it that you don't offend again in the same way. (Enthusiastically.) Oh, *please*, everybody, join the Do Better Club!

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T WAIT TILL NEW YEAR.

By LOUISE RAND BASCOM.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MR. BIGG.....*A Business Man*
CLARA and ALICE.....*Schoolchildren*
A MESSENGER BOY.

(Enter Mr. Bigg, followed at a respectful distance by a shabby, un-uniformed messenger boy. Mr. Bigg seats himself at a table C. facing the audience and absently fumbles with the desk telephone, paper, ink well and pens before him, utterly ignoring the boy at his side.)

Boy (laying a bundle of folded sheets of foolscap on the table.) I collected every single rent this time, sir. (Timidly.) Don't you think I did pretty well?

Mr. Bigg (sneeringly and without looking up). You've done pretty well to spend a whole morning doing half an hour's work. Stealing the money I pay you for your time, I call it.

Boy (disappointedly). But the houses are so far apart. I had to run to—

Mr. Bigg (impatiently). Take these papers over to the bank and don't be gone all day, either.

Boy. Yes, sir. (Exits sorrowfully.)

Clara (entering). Mr. Bigg, I came over from the ————— School (name of school

to be inserted) to see if you would mind giving us a little donation toward our piano fund.

Mr. Bigg (testily). Piano? Children don't need to take piano lessons at the expense of the public. You'd better learn enough arithmetic to know how to take care of your money—if you ever have any. Besides, I'm hard up just now. Can't really afford to throw away good cash on such an unnecessary thing as a piano.

Clara (distressed). Oh, but we don't take lessons on it! We need it for marching and singing; and you don't know how much better you can work after hearing the morning music. It sort of cheers you up.

Mr. Bigg. Bah! (Sees Clara still waiting.) Don't ask me to contribute anything to any school. I pay exorbitant taxes, and as I have no children to enjoy the benefit of them, I consider that I'm donating more than my share now.

Clara. But if you have no children to make happy by giving to their school, you have no children to save for, either. I should think you'd like to give your money where you knew it would do good.

Mr. Bigg (engrossed in papers). You heard me.

Clara. If everybody would give a little something it wouldn't be hard on any one person, and we'd soon have our fund. Please, Mr. Bigg, won't you help us? (Waits a moment, and, see-

ing that she is ignored, mournfully makes her exit.)

(Enter Alice with a little cough. She carries a basket of flowers.)

Mr. Bigg (roughly and without glancing up). Well, what do *you* want?

Alice (timidly). Please, sir, I thought you might like to buy a flower to help us get some new pictures and pretty stencils for our class room.

Mr. Bigg (irritably). I don't want your old faded flowers. Take 'em out of here.

Alice (suggestively). Some people won't take the flowers because they haven't any water to put them in, but most of the gentlemen give us something anyway. They say that stencils and pictures do more to teach history than—

Mr. Bigg (writing hurriedly in a big scrawl). I'm too busy to fool with you or any more like you. Just tell the teachers at your school that they needn't send any pupils to bother me again. (Rises and pins up the sign he has written. It says, "Keep Out." Alice looks at it a moment and exits thoughtfully.) I'm going to paint a lot of signs. One will read, "Beggars not allowed;" another, "Don't speak till you are spoken to;" another—another—(hesitates, closes his eyes, and bows his head in his hands.)

Clara and *Alice* (entering cautiously, hand in hand. The former carries a book, the latter her basket of flowers.) He's asleep.

Alice. I'm glad of that. I'd made up my mind to come back and give him a bunch of flowers, because even the grouchiest people are sometimes nice if you take the trouble to be extra polite to them, but when I got to the door I was so frightened.

Clara. I'm always frightened when I go to ask people for money for the school, but most gentlemen are very kind. They seem to know it's hard for you, but Mr. Bigg—well, I decided he must be sad or sick, and so I thought I'd bring this little book of mine to help him.

Alice. Wasn't it funny we both had the same idea? I'm glad he's asleep. We can leave the things without his knowing. (Approaches desk.) Here are some pens. Let's leave a message. (Both scribble for a second.)

Clara. Now let's hurry away before he wakes. (Both exit, tiptoeing.)

Mr. Bigg (stretching himself). Ugh! I had such ugly dreams! (Sees flowers and book.) Hello, what's this? (Reads aloud the note with the flowers.) "The more you give, the more is given unto you to give." (Runs his hand over his eyes.) I'm seeing double; that isn't what it says. This is it (reads): "To dear Mr. Bigg from his affectionate friend, the flower girl." How is it that I see two messages there? (Looks dazed.) Let me read the other. (Reads). "Does your money make you happy? Why not make someone else happy with it and see how

you feel?" (Disgustedly) No, no, that isn't what it says; that's what I dreamed. (Reads again): "Dear Mr. Bigg, this is to tell you how sorry I am that I bothered you this morning. Please forgive me. Clara." (Smiles and takes down telephone receiver.) Hello, Central, give me the principal of the _____ School (name of school and principal to be inserted), please. Is that you, Miss _____? Why, Miss _____, I want to know if you'd mind apologizing for me to some little girls who were over here to-day to get me to help you out with some improvements you want for your school? I've been thinking about the matter since your pupils left me, and I'm sending you a little check for one hundred dollars. What's that? No, don't thank me. I believe it's the duty of every man and woman to help make schools attractive. If the piano and picture funds aren't completed in a day or two, Miss _____, let me know, and I'll make them all right; and please be sure to tell me whenever I can help you; I'm making my New Year's resolutions ahead of time.

Boy (entering half fearfully). Do you want me to deliver bills this afternoon, Mr. Bigg?

Mr. Bigg (smiling). No, we need a holiday, boy; we're working too hard. Let's go take in that baseball game.

Boy (stares a moment in amazement). Say— (draws long breath) but won't that be jolly!

THE COMMITTEE ON TEACHERS.

By LOUISE RAND BASCOM.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

WILLIE JONES, <i>Chairman.</i>	}	<i>Committee of Pupils.</i>
HOWARD GRAY,		
MIRIAM WILSON,		
INEZ HATCH,		
GLORIA BENTON,		
MISS HIGGINBOTHAM,	}	<i>Teachers seeking employment.</i>
MISS SMITH,		
MISS ARCHER,		
MISS STOKES,		

(If desired, these may dress as grown-ups.)

SCENE.—*Willie Jones, Miriam Wilson, Inez Hatch and Gloria Benton sit about a table C. in expectant attitudes.*

Willie Jones (looking at the clock). I don't see why *Howard* doesn't come. He's ten minutes late now.

Gloria Benton. Let's go on without him.

Howard Gray (entering). Hello, people, I'm sorry to be late, but I had to go on an errand for mother.

Willie Jones (rising). We were just going to begin the business without you.

Howard Gray. Business? What do you folks want me for, anyway?

Willie Jones. Why, we've decided that the School Board is very incompetent in its selection

of teachers, and so we've made up our minds to choose some ourselves for a change.

Miriam Wilson. Yes, that's it. We like the teacher we have now all right, but who knows what we'll get next year.

Howard Gray (seating himself in vacant chair). So you wanted me to help you decide, did you?

Inez Hatch. Nobody has ever known you to be satisfied with any teacher you've ever had, so we thought you'd be a good one on this committee.

Howard Gray. Well, I'm ready. Fire away.

Miriam Wilson. The applicants are waiting outside. Maybe you'd better ring your bell, Willie. (Willie touches desk bell. All sit expectant while the first teacher enters.)

Willie Jones (rising). How do you do, madam? Would you—ah—tell us your name?

Miss Higginbotham (standing primly before the committee). Miss Evangelina Copperthwaite Higginbotham.

Willie Jones (staring with open mouth). Miss Ev—Ev—what?

Miss Higginbotham. Higginbotham.

Willie Jones. Miss Hig—Hig (turns to committee.) Jiminy, she'll never do. Suppose you had her for a teacher and wanted to get a drink of water. By the time you'd raised your hand and said, "Miss Hig—Hig," whatever her name

is, it would be recess time. (Committee giggles, while Willie Jones turns to Miss Higginbotham.) Thank you for coming, Miss Hig—Hig—Higgins. We'll make a note of your name.

Gloria Benton (aside). And forget it. (Teacher exits.)

Howard Gray. Nothing doing there. (Touches bell.) Let's ring up the next one.

Miss Smith (entering with great dignity). You sent for me?

Willie Jones. Yes'm. Would you mind telling us your name?

Miss Smith. My name is Miss Smith.

Willie Jones. Smith? (Reflectively.) The name's all right.

Miss Smith (angrily). The name's all right? Well, I should say it was. We've always been one of the chief families of the world. How dare you mean to insinuate—

Willie Jones (backing off hastily). Oh—oh, I didn't mean to reflect on your name, madam, I—(turns to the committee.) We don't want anybody with a temper like that, do we?

Committee (in emphatic chorus). No!

Willie Jones (turning to Miss Smith). Perhaps we will talk with you again, Miss Smith. I am glad you are so well recommended. (Exit Miss Smith.)

Miriam Wilson. Recommended? Who recommended *her*, I'd like to know?

Willie Jones (ringing bell). Her credentials are there on the table. I wonder what we'll get next.

Miss Archer (entering, smiling effusively). Oh, it's awfully sweet of you to give me a trial.

Willie Jones (politely). Not at all, madam. You are Miss Archer, I believe?

Miss Archer (coquettishly). And you are dear little Willie Jones, aren't you?

Willie Jones (sternly). Do you like candy, Miss Archer?

Miss Archer (enthusiastically). Oh, I just adore sweets of all kinds.

Willie Jones (turning to committee and shaking his head). That will never do. She'll have a headache all the time.

Inez Hatch. I hate headache teachers. They are always cross if they aren't mopey, and mopey if they aren't cross.

Gloria Benton. And the work never goes right.

Willie Jones. Well, that will do for now, Miss Archer, thank you.

Miss Archer (making exit). Don't forget that I know the grammar and arithmetic from cover to cover.

Howard Gray. That's just the way I know those books—by the covers.

Willie Jones (dismally). There's just one other applicant. (Rings bell.) We must be very nice to her.

Miss Stokes (entering). I am Miss Virginia Stokes of the Columbia Teachers' College. You have my credentials, I believe.

Willie Jones. Yes, we're much pleased with them, but we would like to see you conduct school for a little while. If you will just take this chair we will be the pupils and come in for the morning session.

(The four remaining chairs are arranged in a row in front of the table and the committee exits).

Miss Stokes (looking after them and fumbling with her hair). Wouldn't I just like to paddle that smarty boy, though!

Miriam Wilson (entering with a sticky piece of candy). Dear Miss Stokes, I've brought you a little surprise. (Squeezes candy into teacher's hand and seats herself in one of the vacant chairs.)

Miss Stokes. Ugh! The nasty little brat has got my hand all sticky! (Rubs vigorously with handkerchief.)

Howard Gray (entering with a tin can which he places on the table). Good morning, Miss Stokes. (Takes a vacant seat.)

Miss Stokes (peering into can and springing back). Worms! (Shudders.) Ugh! Ugh! Worms! Why I never in my—

Willie Jones (entering, followed by Gloria Benton and Inez Hatch, all carrying a package of some kind). Nice day, isn't it? (Hands

teacher something done up in a handkerchief and takes his seat.)

Miss Stokes (feeling the wad). Why, it wriggled! I know it did. (Feels again and screams.) A mouse! Ugh! (Throws the little bundle down and springs on chair screaming. Committee giggles. Teacher jumps down and starts to make a hasty exit with skirts somewhat raised.) You nasty little brats, you! I wouldn't teach you for two hundred dollars a month. No. I wouldn't. (Exits.)

Willie Jones (as committee resumes places at the table). Whew, but it's hard work choosing a teacher!

Gloria Benton. It's lots of fun, though. I wish I could stay longer, but I've got to go home and practice.

Howard Gray (looking at the clock). Whillikins, I've got to go chop kindling wood.

Inez Hatch (rising). Mr. Chairman, I move we let the Board of Education select the teachers.

Miriam Wilson. I second the motion.

Willie Jones (rising). Well, I hate to give up, but we've not had much luck, and it's time now for the baseball game. I feel sorry for the Board of Education all right.

Miriam Wilson. I think they do pretty well. Just remember the teacher they gave us.

Inez Hatch. That's so. Before we go let's cheer Miss —— (name of teacher to be inserted), everybody. One, two, three—

All.

Rah! rah! rah! Miss ——!

Rah! rah! rah! Miss ——!

Miss ——, Miss ——, rah! rah! rah!

THE CIRCUS.

By E. L. K.

(Enter Tom, a victim of mumps. Face badly swollen, head bandaged, etc. In very bad humor. Sits astride a chair, facing audience.)

Tom (talking to himself). Mumps! Who said I had the mumps? Suppose my dad *is* a doctor! He don't know mumps from—from toothache! That's it! Which tooth shall it be? Mumps! I'll have my head extracted rather than miss the circus!

Enter Purky and Wesley).

Purky. I say, old pal! Well, shiver my slats! What's happened to his mug?

Wesley. He must be bleaching his face, like sister Grace!

Purky. What's the matter? Turned your face into a lunch basket? Come off your perch and come on! The circus is here! The tents are nearly up, and there's about a million cages of animals!

(Enter Harold, Marie and Katherine).

Katherine. Oh, Tom's got the mumps! Let me see how you look, Tom!

Purky. Mumps!

Wesley. Mumps! Oh, I must go home at once! I might catch them.

Harold. Hold the door! You couldn't catch them. Don't you see they are tied fast?

Purky. Hope I'll get them. Then ma will feed me preserves!

Wesley. Oh! I thought—

Marie. *We* have *had* them!

Purky. Come on, Tom, or we'll go without you.

Harold. Can't get in now! The circus grounds will be closed for two hours.

Purky. Who said so?

Harold. Police!

Wesley. Can't you talk when you have the mumps?

Katherine. It hurts! Oh, Tom, you look just like the hippopotamus!

Marie. Let's pretend that you are one.

Harold. Let's play circus!

Purky. All right. I'm the elephant! Where are the peanuts?

Marie. I can't feed you peanuts because I'm a tiger. And I might get my stripes all out of shape reaching so high. I wish there was a tree near. *Purky*, fix up a tree for me.

Purky. Can't. I'm a bear. I'd rather hug you!

Marie. Smarty! You had better be careful. Tigers have dreadful claws.

Wesley. And sharp teeth.

Tom. Bite me!

Marie. I never did see such mean boys.

Tom. Katherine will.

Katherine. You forget you're a hippopotamus.

Tom. Not when *you* are around.

Katherine. But I'm a giraffe. And I couldn't think of bending so low.

Purky. But I don't see any peanuts coming my way! What's in your pockets, Wes?

Wesley. My pockets are—are not pockets, because I'm a—a—

Harold. Billy goat!

Marie. Zebra!

Katherine. Lion!

Purky. Lion nothing! He's nothing but a kid!

Marie. With us big animals?

Purky. Yes; let's eat him up!

Tom. Here! Tie up his head, and he can stay while we go to the circus! Come on!

(Boys rush toward Wesley. Enter the Doctor, Tom's father).

Doctor. Have any of you children been on the circus grounds?

Marie. I have!

Katherine. So have I!

Harold. I was!

Purky. Me, too!

Wesley. I was there!

Tom. And I *wasn't*!

Doctor. Were you near the midgets and giants?

Katherine. We all were!

Purky. I was!

Wesley. So was I!

Doctor. Then you are to stay with us for awhile. You are under quarantine.

Children. Quarantine!

Wesley. But I might get the mumps!

Children. We want to see the circus!

Doctor. You can do that later on! It is quarantined, too!

Tom. Afraid of mumps?

Doctor. No; smallpox. The giant has developed a serious case of smallpox!

THE "KEPT-INS."

By E. L. K.

(Miss DeClare, a very prim school teacher of uncertain age, and somewhat deaf, "hears" a class of "kept-ins.")

Miss DeClare. Now, children, come and try again. You surely know your lessons by this time. If you will just apply yourselves more closely during study hour, you will not have to stay in any more. The Geography Class!

(Jimmie Miller walks forward and toes the mark.)

Miss DeClare. The Language Class!

(John Henry comes to the front.)

Miss DeClare. Oh, I think all the classes would better come! We will all recite together.

(All pupils take their places. All toe the mark.)

Miss DeClare. Jimmie—

Jimmie. That's me!

Miss DeClare. Jimmie!

Jimmie. Yes, Miss DeClare—! I'm listening!

Miss DeClare. James, what is the *equator*?

Jimmie. That's easy. The equator is a menagerie lion running around the world.

Miss DeClare. Very good. You may go!

(Jimmie slips behind John Henry and pulls his hair.)

John Henry (to Jimmy). Oh, quit. (Hits him.) Teacher, he is pulling my hair. (Steps on Jimmie's toes.)

Jimmie. Oh, o-o-o-o-ouch!!!

Miss DeClare (ringing her bell). *Jimmy!* (Jimmy quickly exits.) *John Henry*, why don't you be a good boy? Don't you know it is *Satan* that makes you do such dreadful things?

John Henry. Maybe Satan made me slap him, but I thought of stepping on his toes all by myself!

Miss DeClare. John Henry, you may go to your seat!

John Henry. Well, I guess Jimmie pulled my hair! (Goes to his seat.)

Miss DeClare. Gustave, what animal is satisfied with the least amount of food?

Gustave. The moth.

Miss DeClare. The moth! Why?

Gustave. Because it eats nothing but holes.

Miss DeClare. I had not thought of that, but I guess you are right. You may go. (Exit Gustave.) Willie, do you know the alphabet now?

Willie. Yessum.

Miss DeClare. Well, say it.

Willie. A-A—

Miss DeClare. What comes after "A?"

Willie. All the rest of the letters.

Miss DeClare. Yes, but (Willie runs out).

Miss DeClare. Bessie, can you name a bird that is extinct?

Bessie (whimpering). Yessum. Our canary. The cat got it.

Miss DeClare. There, dear. I wouldn't cry. You may go. (Exit Bessie.) Clara, spell "*Miracle.*"

Clara. M-i-r, mir, a, mira, c-l-e, cle; miracle.

Miss DeClare. That's right. Now, define it.

Clara. Miracle is a-a-miracle is a-it-to—Why, my uncle Harry says it will be a miracle if you ever get married!

Miss DeClare. The class is excused.

(All pass out except John Henry.)

Miss DeClare. Now, John Henry, read the first sentence.

John Henry (rising, book in hand, reads). "When you've got a thin' to say—

Miss DeClare. John Henry, don't forget the "g."

John Henry. Gee! When you've got a thin' to say, say it!

Miss DeClare. John Henry.

John Henry. Ma'am?

Miss DeClare. What *would* you take to be good for one whole day?

John Henry (thoughtfully). About a dime.

Miss DeClare. But *I* want you to be *good* for *nothing*!

John Henry. Oh-o-o-o-o-oh! I can't stay any longer, Miss DeClare; I have to go after the cows! (Exit John Henry.)

(Curtain.)

IF.

By Dame Goose.

(Arranged by E. L. K.)

- Ed.* "If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!"
- Ted.* "If all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be."
- Ned.* "And if all the axes were one axe,
What a great axe that would be."
- Jed.* "And if all the men were one man,
What a great man he would be."
- Ed.* "And if the great man took the great axe,
Ted. "And cut down the great tree;
Ned. "And let it fall into the great sea,
Jed. "What a splish, splash, splish—
All. "That would be!"

RESCUED.

By E. L. K.

(Grace, Tom, Walter and Flossie run in and hide behind chairs, etc.)

Grace. Keep still. Don't even breathe!

Walter. Are you sure she came this way?

Grace. Yes-s! Keep still!

Flossie (crying). If we hadn't ran off, we wouldn't have been here!

Tom. I don't care if they *do* get me! I'm not afraid!

Grace. *Keep still!*

Flossie. Oh-o-o-o! (Cries.)

Walter. Flossie, *shut up!*

Flossie. If-f-f-f (crying)—I wasn't such a nice 'ittle child they wouldn't w-w-wan-t-t me!

Grace. Sh-h-h-h—There she comes now! Listen!

(Heavy steps are heard approaching; children very still. Enter Dinah—comic negress with red bandanna around head. She looks about, then grabs Walter. Children all scream, then discover Dinah.)

Children. O-o, *Dinah!*

Dinah. Sounds like bedlam! What yo' chillun doin' hyar, anyways, I'd likka know!

Children. Oh, *Dinah!* We thought you were the *gypsy!*

Walter. I saw one a-coming right after us!

Flossie. You better hide, Dinah! She'll get you!

Dinah. Dar ain't no gypsies comin' whar I is! Now, you young 'uns, clip it fur hum, mighty fas', an' git yer baffs—er y'u alls 'll miss yo dinnah, ebery one o' yo'.

(Exit children, holding fast to Dinah, lest the gypsy get them.)

(Curtain.)

SIX AND SIXTY.

ARRANGED BY E. L. K.

Characters: Tom Brown and the Rev. Mr. Brown.

(The Rev. Mr. Brown busily studies his sermon. Enter Tom, brushing his clothes.)

Tom. Oh, come daddy! Don't study sermons all the time! You promised—

Mr. Brown. My son—

Tom. Now, pa, don't look that way! It gives me a chill!

Mr. Brown. My son, did—

Tom. Now! You can't see a bit of dust, I know! Come on, dad! It will be too hot to fish if we wait any longer.

Mr. Brown. I am afraid—

Tom. Oh, I've got the dandiest lot of worms you ever saw! Look! (Shows his trouser's pocket full of worms.)

Mr. Brown. What! Not in your pocket?

Tom. And all we need is two new hooks!

Mr. Brown. Thomas, sit down! (Thomas sits.) Now, listen!

Tom. Has anything happened, father?

Mr. Brown. Yes. I am afraid we can not go fishing, my son!

Tom. Father! *Why?*

Mr. Brown. I think that you have disobeyed your grandmother. She told you not to slide

down the banister, and it is evident you have disregarded what she said.

Tom. Grandma didn't tell me not to, dad; she only came to me and said, "I wouldn't slide down those banisters, my lad."

Mr. Brown. Well?

Tom. Well, daddy, I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her; should you? Oh, give me a cent for the hooks and come on! (Pulls his daddy off the stage.)

(Curtain.)

THE FINISH.

(A Tragedy From Real Life.)

By E. L. K.

(Enter Mrs. Pardington with her ideal children, 'Lizbethlou and Russell; Mrs. P. sits in rocker, intently searching in a book.)

Mrs. P. Get your chairs now, and learn your verses quickly, so you can go play.

Russell. Mother, we have to go right away, be-because the dam will break and, a-a-and dr-drown a-a-all the soldiers!

'Lizbethlou. No, we tore down the fort and the tholdierth were all drowned lath night!

Russell. No; now, mother, m-m-make h-her—

Mrs. P. Oh, come! You forget that, my little darlings do not quarrel. The first thing we do is to learn our verses; then it is easy to be good all day!

Russell. Don't w-w-want t-to be g-g-good!

'Lizbethlou. Little boyth never are ath good ath little girlth!

Mrs. P. Come kiss mother, Russell; come on, 'Lizbethlou (both children fondly kiss their mother) and—

Russell. Now, can we g-go?

Mrs. P. As soon as you can say your verses. Your verse is not long, and 'Lizbethlou's is easy. This is the last verse in her piece. Say it after me, 'Lizbethlou: "To try, and try, and try again,

'Lizbethlou. "To try, and try, and try again—

Mrs. P. "Still singing on your way—

'Lizbethlou. "Thtill thinging all the way—

Mrs. P. "Still singing *on* your way—

'Lizbethlou. "Thtill thinging *on* your way—

Mrs. P. "A bird's advice, my little friend,

'Libethlou. "A birdth advith, my little friend,

Mrs. P. "Try it yourself some day!

'Lizbethlou. "Try it yourthelf thome day!"

Mrs. P. Now say it over and over and over until you will surely remember it. Come, Russell, now listen to yours: "All that you do, do with your might;

Russell. "A-all th-that you d-do, d-do with y-your m-might;

Mrs. P. "Things done by halves, are never done right.

Russell. "Th-things d-done b-b-by h-halves, are never done r-right!"

Mrs. P. Say it over and over now, until—(the hall doorbell rings. Keep on saying them until I come back. (Exit Mrs. Pardington.)

'Lizbethlou. "To try, and try again,
Juth try it yourself and thee if
you can do it, too."

Come on, Ruthell, I know mine!

Russell. W-wait, n-n-now—"Do the whole th-thing or n-nothing!" D-didn't I-I learn m-mine quick? Hurry up, 'Lizbethl-l-lou! quick? Hurry u-up, 'Lizbethl-l-lou!

(Exit Russell and 'Lizbethlou. Enter Mrs. Pardington and a ridiculous "Old Maid" book agent.)

Mrs. P. I have volumes upon volumes of just such books.

Old Maid. Yes, my good woman; but unless you have *this i-d-e-n-t-i-cal identical book*, you will fail in rearing these dear children—in *the way they should go!* Don't forget what the Good Book requires at the hands of *parents. PARENTS!* Why, if *I* had two such lovely children—or even *one*—as—as yours must be, judging from what you have told me—I would not hesitate one *minute* to purchase the one book you need—“*Beautifying the Beautiful!*” What more delightful book could be imagined? Notice the beautiful binding; the children therein have the most saintly expressions—almost angelical!

Mrs. P. But my children are *naturally* beautiful! They are naturally good and obedient! I intend to keep them just as innocent (a loud howl is heard which terminates in a continuous squalling; same gradually approaches) and sweet always, as they are now!

Old Maid. Then sign for this book at once, my good lady! You will bless me the remainder of your days for—

(Enter Russell lustily squalling, followed by 'Lizbethlou.)

Russell. Oh-o-o-o-ooooo! Ah-h-h-h-hooooooo!

Mrs. P. Russell! Come here, quick! You poor little dear! There, there! Tell mother what's the matter! Did you hurt your little self?

(Russell squalls louder and louder. 'Lizbethlou stands, finger in mouth.)

Old Maid. Lawsy! Oh-o-o-o-, Lawsy me!
Is he rickety or is it spasms?

Mrs. P. Russell, dear! What is the matter!

Russell. 'Li-lizb-bethl-lou-oooooo!

'Lizbethlou. I didn't neither!

Russell. O-oo-oo-who! 'L-lizb-bethl-lou s-spit
on m-me!

Old Maid. Lawsy me! Oh, lawsy me!

Russell. Thr-three t-times! Oho-o-o-o-ooooo!

'Lizbethlou. I didn't neither!

Russell. Sh-she-she d-did, t-too!

'Lizbethlou. Didn't! He told a thtory!

Mrs. P. Children!

(*Old Maid greatly horrified.*)

Russell. She s-s-spit-t-t o-on me three t-times.

'Lizbethlou. Didn't, neither! I mithed him
twith!

Mrs. P. Oh, dear, dear: Oh-o!

Old Maid. You'd better buy my book at once,
madam!

Mrs. P. Is that what your verses said for you
to do?

'Lizbethlou. Mine thaidd to try and try and
try, and I tried three timth before the thpit hit
him!

Russell. A-a-and m-mine s-said to do the
wh-whole thing or nothing 'tall, s-so I-I-I yelled
the b-b-best I-I could! Ooh-o-o-o-o!

(*Curtain.*)

A LESSON IN ECONOMY.

By E. L. K.

(Mrs. Lovejoy is busy over her embroidery. Enter Sammy, her son, eating bread and jam.)

Mrs. Lovejoy. Sammy, where did you get that? You just had your breakfast!

Sammy. Awe, it's been a drefful long time since breakfast! And, besides, you didn't give me any jam!

Mrs. Lovejoy. Sammy, tell me! Where did you get it?

Sammy. Mother, did you know Jimmy's got a new little sister? The milkman brought her!

Mrs. Lovejoy. The milkman! How do you know?

Sammy. 'Cause his wagon says "Families supplied every day!"

Mrs. Lovejoy. Sammy, let me see that bread!

Sammy. It's mostly inside now! (Shows it to his mother.)

Mrs. Lovejoy. Haven't I told you it is too extravagant to eat butter with that delicious jam?

Sammy. No, mother, it isn't! Same piece of bread does for both. Mother!

Mrs. Lovejoy. Well, dear?

Sammy. Mother, if I was twins, would you give the other boy a piece of bread and butter and jam, too?

Mrs. Lovejoy. I would give him a piece of bread and jam!

Sammy. Mother, you surely will not cheat me out of another piece just because I'm all one boy, will you? (They go for more bread and jam.)

(Curtain.)

MORNING CALLERS.

(A Disarrangement.)

By E. L. K.

(Screens or curtains should divide the stage into two apartments—with door between—both apartments open to audience. Right side referred to as "R;" left side as "L.")

CAST.

MASTER SUNSHINE, knickerbockers, coat turned inside out and lined with yellow; black silk hat, draped with gay yellow scarf.

MASTER GLADNESS, knickerbockers, black silk hat, draped with light blue scarf.

MASTER KINDNESS, knickerbockers, black silk hat, draped with pink scarf.

MADAM SONG, fluffy ruffle dress, white, yellow sash.

MADAM SMILE, fluffy ruffle dress, white, light blue sash.

MADAM CHEER, fluffy ruffle dress, white, pink sash

(In "L," Madam Song rocks her dollie, singing "The Drowsy-Eye Man"—a little lullaby in "In Music-Land." Meantime, Master Sunshine in "R," struts about with hands in pockets, listening to the song.)

Master Sunshine (at end of first verse of song).

"Of all the merry singers
With which the world is blest,
My happy little neighbor
Is the one I like the best."

I wonder if my hat is on straight. Do I look
like I live at Sunshine Corner?

(*Madam Song* sings second verse while *Master Sunshine* listens. He raps at her door. Waits.)

Madam Song. Was that some one knocking?
(Draws back curtain.) "Good morning, *Master Sunshine!*" (They shake hands.)

Master Sunshine.

"Good morning, *Madam Song!*
I beg your humble pardon,
If you've waited very long!"

Madam Song. "I thought I heard you rapping!"

Master Sunshine. "To be shut out were a sin!"

Madam Song. "My heart is standing open:
Won't
you

walk
right
in?"

Master Sunshine. "With pleasure I assure
you!" (Enters "L.")

Madam Song (leads him to rear of stage
where they chat). "What have you done to your
coat?"

Master Sunshine. Oh, it was a little cloudy!

“The inner side of every cloud

Is bright and shining!

I, therefore, turn my coats about

And often wear them inside out

To show the lining!”

(Enter *Madam Smile* in “L,” in high glee.
Listens to Master Gladness who enters “R.”)

Master Gladness.

“I’m glad I am a little boy,

And have all day for play.

For if I were a busy bee

I’d have to work all day!”

Madam Smile. Why don’t he *smile* a little?

Master Gladness.

“And if I were an owl I’d be

Afraid to keep awake all night;

And if I were an elephant,

How could I be polite?”

Madam Smile. Smile a little.

Master Gladness.

“Dear, dear! When I begin to count,

It fills my heart plumb full of joy;

There are so many reasons why

I’m glad I am a little boy!”

I wonder if *Madam Smile* has returned yet!
(Knocks on her door.)

Madam Smile (admits *Master Gladness*).

“Good morning, *Master Gladness*!”

Master Gladness (shaking hands). “Good morning, *Madam Smile*!”

Madam Smile.

"They told me you were coming,
So I waited on a while."

Master Gladness.

"I was lonesome here without you;
A weary while it's been!"

Madam Smile. "My heart is standing open:
Won't

you
walk
right
in?"

Master Gladness (entering "L"). The joy is
all mine!

Madam Smile. "Then try smiling!" You
look so glum!

Master Gladness. Glum? But it threatens
rain!

Madam Smile.

"When the weather suits you not,
Try smiling."

Master Gladness. But I had to do my own
cooking while you were gone!

Madam Smile. "When your coffee isn't hot,
Try smiling!"

Master Gladness.

"Doesn't change the things a bit;
Just smiling!"

Madam Smile. "You'd more likely make a hit;
Just smiling!"

Master Gladness.

"True, it helps your case;
Brightens up a gloomy place—"

Madam Smile.

"Then it sort o' rests your face,
Just smiling!"

(While talking, they walk to rear of stage, where the four amuse themselves. Master Kindness and Madam Cheer enter "R," come to front singing, "The Children's Time Table," a dainty song from "In Music-Land." Children in "L" listen, and when first verse is finished rush to door to greet singers.)

Madam Song, Madam Smile, Master Sunshine and Master Gladness. "Good morning, Master Kindness! Good morning, Madam Cheer!"

Master Kindness and Madam Cheer. Good morning, all of you. (All shake hands.)

Master Sunshine. "We heard you were out calling"—

Master Gladness. "So we waited for you here!"

Master Kindness. "Some way I keep forgetting"—

Madam Cheer. "I have to toil and spin"—

Master Kindness. "When you are my companion"—

Madam Cheer (to those in "L").

"Won't
you
walk
right
in?"

(All enter "R.")

Madam Smile. Do tell us where you have been!

Master Sunshine. Yes! Give an account of yourselves!

Madam Song. Tell us first where you found that song!

Master Kindness and Madam Cheer. "In Music-Land!"

Madam Song. That's definite!

Master Sunshine. Give an account of yourselves!

Master Kindness. Tell them where you have been, Madam Cheer!

Madam Cheer.

"I stole to the heart of a *child* that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
'Til bright was her face again;
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain!"

Master Gladness. How lovely!

Madam Song and Madam Smile. We are so glad!

Master Kindness. 'Twas just like her! She is always "cheery!"

Madam Song (to *Master Kindness*). You are next!

Madam Cheer. Go on!

Master Kindness.

"I went where a little blind boy sat alone,
The joy of playmates to him was unknown ;

His hands were folded and pale ;
I kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
And told him of God and His beautiful light,
Till angels had lifted the veil !"

All. How beautiful !

Madam Smile. We have been losing time !

Master Sunshine. Yes ! Let's get busy !

Madam Song. We must finish the song first.

Master Gladness. All right !

Master Sunshine. We'll sing it—then *live it !*

(All step to front of stage and sing second and third verses of "The Children's Time Table." The songs referred to are found in a song book entitled "In Music-Land." Price, 50 cents ; published by March Brothers, Lebanon, Ohio.)

(Curtain.)

JACK AND HIS TARTS.

(A Playette by EFFIE LOUISE KOOGLE.)

EIGHT CHARACTERS.

Frances (busily sewing on doll's dress; sticks finger). Oh-o-o! Oh-h-h-h! Of course, this old needle had to stick me; right where I hammered my finger, too! Now, I suppose Polly Virginia's new dress will have red polka dots all over it—handmade! Stylish, though! But my dolls are always that! O-o-o-oh! Wish *I* were a doll! Then instead of bleeding blood, my finger would sow sawdust!

(Enter Jack, whistling; throws cap at Frances.)

Jack.

"Cross-patch, draw the latch,

Sit by the fire and spin;

Take a cup (teases Frances) and drink it,

Then call the neighbors in!"

Frances. You mean thing! Quit! I'm *not* a cross-patch, either. If boys were not such smarties, they might sew, too! Quit!!

Jack. What's the use of killing time that way? Thought "one-piece" dresses were all the rage! (Jerks her sewing; goods tears.)

Frances. Oh, Jack! What are you trying to do?

Jack. Be a peacemaker! Come on! Let us make up, cousin!

Frances. Don't be so horrid!

Jack (aside). Watch me coax her up! (To Frances) I'll do anything you ask, if you will not call me "horrid!"

Frances. For a whole week?

Jack. If you will stop pouting; and quit blowing on me when some one steals the cake—

Frances. Oh, Jack!

Jack. And stop playing with dolls forever and ever, and give me a show once in a while—and

Frances. Oh-o! All at once? Jackie! Now listen! There is only one tiny little thing I want you to do for me! Will you?

Jack. Oh, anything!

Frances. And you'll never, never, *never* tell? Cross your heart! Hope to—

Jack. I'll never, never, *never* tell! Cross my heart! Hope to—

Frances. Of course, you are far and away more fond of me than of Cousin Arden, aren't you?

Jack. H-um—er—cousins are always fond of each other, Frances!

Frances. But you like me the best! I know you do! And I—I think you are the nicest cousin I have! So there, now!

Jack. Thanks, awfully! But—

Frances. You remember how disagreeable Arden was last summer. So selfish! Always insisted on having her own way?

Jack. Why, I never thought—

Frances. Oh, yes you did! You have forgotten! Well, Arden is coming to-day! (Auto

horn is heard.) That must be the machine now!
And you are to do as *I* want you to all the time
she is here. Remember, you have promised!
(Hurries out.)

Jack. Promised! Does she suppose—
(Enter Arden Marsden.)

Arden. Hello, there!

Jack. Arden! Why did you not tell me you
were coming?

Arden. I wrote Aunt Helen that I would be
here!

Jack. Mother said nothing to me about it.
The letter must have failed to come. But you
are here! You always come at the right time!

Arden. Oh, Jack! There you go, same old
way. Don't you see how grown up I am?

Jack. No more than I! But you are still
my "Queen of Hearts." Pray, did you bring
some tarts?

Arden. Tarts?

Jack. Yes. Tarts that are—

 "—Made in every form,
 Three-cornered, round and puff;"

Arden.—Tarts for Jack to eat and eat,
 "As long as he can stuff?"

Jack. Give them to me!

Arden. Oh, no, Jackie! They are to be
earned before eaten!

Jack. Then I alone shall earn the tarts,
 And share them with my Queen of
 Hearts!

Arden. Then get busy!

Jack. First—

(Enter Topsy, observing, but unobserved. Two letters in one hand, a large suit box in the other. Sits on floor near center of stage, carefully avoiding Jack and Arden.)

Arden. “*Mum*” is the word! (Fanning.) My, it is warm!

Jack. Let’s go to the swing. It is cool there! (Exit Jack and Arden.)

Topsy. ’Bout time you all gib me a chance fer to look ova ma mail! Folks is mos’ twouble-some, anymo’! Dey’s wo’s’e ’un all de miseries! (Opens letters.) I’s’e jes’ tuk ca’ o’ des tings ’til I kant wait no longa! I’s’e pow’ful cur’us! Hum-m-m! (Rushes to window or addresses some boy in the audience.) Say, come hia a minit! (Boy enters.) Read dis!

Boy. What for?

Topsy. Fur me, o’ cou’s’e!

Boy. Anything in it?

Topsy. Sumpin in dis hur box! Perceed!

Boy (reads aloud). “Dear Aunt Helen: Mother told me this morning of your kind invitation to me and has consented for me to make you another visit. Thank you so much. The Longs will probably bring me in their auto next Wednesday—”

Topsy. Oh, that’s ’nuf! I coaxed Miss Frances to read dat to me way las’ week! We jes’ kep’ dat fur a ’sprise! An’ Miss Arden is hia long ago! Read dis ’un! Dat ’un is a nu ’un!

Boy (reads aloud). "Personal.—My Dear Sister Helen: Arden has discovered that I am only her foster mother. Some one blundered and the girl is almost heartbroken, fearing she is a burden to me. What a treasure she is! Cheer her up all you can and—"

Topsy. Aw, go 'long! I'se tiud o' dat! Be su' an' happen 'long when I wants yo' de nex' time! I'se p'ticlar fond ob des little cakes! (Eats rapidly.)

Boy. Gimme some!

Topsy. Will yo promise to do eberyting I wants you to fo' a hull week, and 'fend me when I gits in a scrap? Su' 'nuff?

Boy. Sure enough.

(Topsy serves him with tarts. Enter Frances, Jack and Arden.)

Jack. Topsy!

Arden. Oh, Jack, my tarts! (Exit boy.)

Frances (to Arden). *Your* tarts! (Jack rescues the remaining tarts with difficulty.)

Topsy. What is der matta wid all yo white folks, any ways? Let me 'lone! Yo want ter see dis po' chile sta've? (Exit Topsy.)

Jack (to Arden). Well, I earned all that are left, Arden!

Frances. Oh, Arden, did you make them? And were the tarts we had at the picnic last summer, yours?

Arden. Yes. Why?

Frances. That explains it all, Jack! I'll never again say Arden is selfish. She is your very nicest cousin after all!

Arden. Whatever are you saying? I do not understand!

Jack (reading). And I don't understand these letters, either. (Enter Mrs. Irwin, Jack's mother.) Oh, mother, read these!

Mrs. Irwin (reading letters). Jack, where did you get these?

Jack. From Topsy! What does it all mean?

Mrs. Irwin. Bring Topsy here. (Exit Jack.)

Arden. Are you ill, Aunt Helen?

Mrs. Irwin. No, dear.

(Enter Jack and Topsy, under protest.)

Topsy (to Jack). Yo' allays int'rappin' me!

Mrs. Irwin. Topsy, where did these letters come from?

Topsy. Law! Miss Arden, dats a pow'ful stunnifyin' dress yo's a wea'ing! Breve dat dress wud about fit me!

Mrs. Irwin. Topsy!!!

Topsy. Ya'asm, Mis. Uvvin, I jes cudent hia yo' 'tall when I see dat beauful gaown. Say, isn't it ne'a 'bout Christmas, Miss Arden?

Mrs. Irwin. Topsy!!

Topsy. Yass'm, Mrs. Uvvin, wuz you wantin' me fo' sumpin'?

Mrs. Irwin. Topsy, where did you get these letters?

Topsy. Wy, Miss Uvin'! Wha did yo git um?

Mrs. Irwin. Topsy!!! Answer me!

Topsy. Oh-o-o! Wy, de's jes' sum dat was suffed in de mail box out dar. Yo sed dat lettas make yo so happified, dat when I foun' two o'

dem I nea' about fell clea ova dis lobely box, and I'se jes' beginnin' to feel all happified when dey swiped the hull bunch!

Mrs. Irwin. Topsy, do you know you have been very naughty?

Topsy. Is dat sorta wicked like?

Jack. She ate all my tarts, too!

Topsy. What's tarts?

Frances. Are the letters very important, Aunt Helen?

Topsy. Guess you knows, Miss Frances! Yo' read one ob 'um!

Mrs. Irwin. Why, Frances, did you?

Frances. Topsy brought a letter to me the other day, saying you wanted me to read it, and that I must not say anything about it, not even to you.

Mrs. Irwin. Was it one of these?

Frances. I read this one.

Topsy. Dat wuz jes' to happify you, Miss Frances! An' yo' know it didn't wuk dat way 'tall. It made yo mos' pow'ful cross like.

(Enter Uncle Arden and Mrs. Marsden.)

Jack. And all because she misunderstood Arden!

Frances. Thank you, Jack!

Jack. You are my very nicest cousin, Frances!

Frances. Why, Jack! You forget Arden!

Jack. But she is not my cousin! She is my "Queen of Hearts."

Frances. Not your cousin!

Jack. No. And when we are grown—

Arden. Oh, Jack! Not *now*! I am only a poor—

Uncle Arden (coming forward). Not *poor*, but a *very wealthy* little queen, of whom any king may be proud!

Arden. Oh, mother! When did you come? And who—what—

Mrs. Marsden. Your own Uncle Arden, dear!

Arden. My own Uncle Arden, mother?

Mrs. Marsden. Yes, dear. When you were only a tiny babe, your poor mother died, leaving you with him. He was so ill that we persuaded him to let us adopt you, and he immediately sailed away in search of health. We never heard from him again until he arrived yesterday from South Africa. And now—

Uncle Arden (greets Arden and all). And now, after all these years, little one, your Uncle Arden will endeavor to repay these good friends for the kindness they have shown you. Open up this grip, children, and see what you can find!

Topsy. Hope dey's summo little cakes!

Jack. More tarts, you mean!

Uncle Arden.

The Queen to dinner begs her guests,
She'll not forget the tarts;
And says she'll have them constantly
For Jack, her King of Hearts!

(Curtain.)

"SCOUT No. 5."

BY EFFIE LOUISE KOOGLE.

(Any interior scene. Charles and Harold saunter in, toss their caps to one side, and settling themselves comfortably, prepare to enjoy their books.)

Charles. This is as good a place as any. All we want is to be left alone. This thing of somebody butting in every place you go makes me tired.

Harold. Yes, or always toadying to the little kids or old ladies, or—or,—well, anybody but yourself! What does a fellow live for anyhow, if not to have a good time?

Charles. You're right, old fellow! Give me plenty to eat,—plenty of books, and a chance to read them—

Harold. That's it! A *chance*! Paul wouldn't take a chance if he had one! Excuse *me* from being a "scout!"

Charles. Oh, I wouldn't be like Paul for anything! He is the limit! Toss me another pillow!

(Harold tosses a pillow to Charles, and they read their books intently. Enter Paul, with book and express package.)

Paul. (Slamming his book on chair with loud bang.) I tell you, fellows, you are not *in* it unless you are *scouts*! I've studied the whole

curriculum, and it is *great*! You don't know what you are missing!

Charles. Don't I? If I had to put myself out and work like you have for the past month I'd see my finish!

Harold. Here, too! What are *you* doing with an express package?

Charles. Turned sheeny, and will peddle tin-ware I suspect! Anything to make money.

Paul. (Opening up package, displays "scout" clothing.) That's where you are mistaken. It's true I have made money and I have spent it, too, but I'll get my money's worth!

Charles. Show me!

Paul. Don't that look like it?

Harold. (Examining the suits.) They are not the same size! You can't wear these!

Paul. I'll need them just the same! My! I can hardly wait! I heard from Mr. Churchill this morning, and he has all arrangements made to start to camp early in the morning!

Charles. But I thought you had to have five boys. Phil left yesterday for Chicago!

Harold. He is after one of *us*, I suppose!

Paul. I want you *both*! But if you are *not* going to join us you can't *stop* us. I have found "No. 5" all right!

Charles. Show me!

Harold. I'll not hold my breath until I see him! Nobody but a namby-pamby would be a scout!

Paul. Thank you!

Harold. Oh, well, Paul, I beg your pardon! You are all right and so are the other three, but I don't know who wants to be No. 5!

Paul. There is the train now! That's the whistle. (Grabs his cap and hurries out.)

Harold. What does he want with that train?

Charles. It's beyond me! I wonder if there is anything in that "scout" business! No harm in finding out! (Picks up the book Paul dropped and investigates.) Hello! Here's the "Scout's Pledge!" Listen:

"On my honor I promise that I will do my best:

"1. To do my duty to God and my country.

"2. To help other people at all times.

"3. To obey the Scout Law."

Harold. Anybody could do the first two—if they *had time*. What is the Scout Law?

Charles. Oh, this is the first volume, and I suppose there is a whole library. We don't care anyway! (Throws the book aside; takes up his own book. Both resume reading.)

Harold. What in the world does Paul want with all those clothes? There are two whole outfits! He had to pay for them, too! He told me that was one of the requirements. I suppose that's the reason he has been working so hard.

Charles. And he saved every cent he made! Cut out all the picture shows, sodas, ball games—Why he almost cut out breathing!

Harold. He said he was making everything help work out a plan for just this month; it won't be so strenuous after that!

Charles. He is simply killing himself!

(Enter Paul with a handsome boy; the latter somewhat smaller than Paul and very shabbily dressed. They are unobserved by the other boys.)

Harold. I say—What *did* he want with that train?

Paul. It wasn't the train I was after. I went to meet my friend Frank Elliott! Frank, these are my friends Charles Burroughs and Harold Whitcomb! (The boys shake hands cordially.)

Charles and Harold. Frank Elliott!

Paul. Yes, Frank Elliott!

Charles. The boy that—

Paul. The boy who writes such fine letters!

Harold. Is he the Frank Elliott who—

Paul. He is the very same boy who saved me from being a life-long cripple by risking his own life when I was a green country kid lost in a big city!

Charles. You never told us that he was—

Paul. Poor? Well, Frank Elliott is *not* poor. He is the richest boy I know of! I knew I would surprise you fellows!

Harold. Why—he—I thought—

Paul. Oh, that's all right fellows. You can't embarrass us! Listen! *He* is *No. 5* of our Patrol! He is a boy who is so rich that he can afford to dress in shabby clothes the year 'round, so he can provide for his blind mother and sweet little sister. And he is not too tired to attend night school and lead in all his classes. And, oh, boys, if you could hear him play his violin and hear him sing, and if you could see how gentle he is in his home, you would think you had peeped *into heaven!*

Frank. Oh, come, Paul! You are extravagant! I'm nothing but an ordinary boy—

Paul. With extraordinary pluck! And a heart as big and kind as—

Frank. As your own!

Paul. None of that! Look old boy! (Shows him the Scout suits.) Here are our new suits! Didn't I guess your size about right? Come on! When we come back, we will show you fellows how two real First-class Scouts look! (Exit Paul and Frank with their scout outfits.)

Harold. Well, wouldn't that shiver your timbers? Paul Sperling is going to give that city kid an outing, at his own expense! Clothes, railroad fare, and no end of things! Well, did I ever!

Charles. Harold Whitcomb, you and I are the silliest imbeciles this side of—of—

Harold. Don't mention the *place*, old fellow! But if we don't change our tactics, and that

mighty soon, we are in a fair way to—Oh, I say, Charles, *I* shall be *No. 6* of that Boy Scout Patrol, or know why!

Charles. And I'll be *No. 7*, or walk from here to Europe! (They shake hands.)

Harold. It's a go!

Charles. To tell the truth, I never saw a fellow enjoy himself more in so short a time, than Paul Sperling has during the past month; and it has all been because he was planning to show this poor Cincinnati kid a good time! I'm tired to death reading books, anyhow!

Harold. I am tired to death of being so everlastingly selfish! I guess after all the way to have a good time in this old world is to help some other fellow have one, too!

Charles. Well, here's where we find out! We would better see the Scoutmaster pretty quick, or we'll not get *in*!!

Harold. Think of it! Go camping in the morning, and there'll be no end to the fun!!

Charles. *If we are not too late!!!!* (They hurry out.)

(Curtain.)

A GREAT CATCH.

BY EFFIE LOUISE KOOGLE.

(Any interior scene. Table draped with long cover in center stage. L., left side of stage; R., right side of stage.)

(Enter Janet. Vigorously dusts the chairs with large feather duster.)

Janet. Just because I chewed gum, I must dust for a whole week! Mother knows I dislike to dust! But I'll never, *never* chew gum again! (Starts to dust table and spies a mouse on the top of same. Runs across stage and jumps on chair, with a scream.) Oh—Oh-o-o-o! Oh-o-o! A *mouse*! Oh, what *shall* I do?—There is my sewing box! (Drops duster, hurries across room and secures sewing box. Empties spools of thread, scissors, etc., on floor, rushes to table and turns the box over the mouse.) Now, just wait until I find somebody! (Exit R.)

(Enter at R, Tom, Roy, Marie, and Annette.)

Tom. What's happened to the floor?

Marie. That's Ethel's doll dress, and her blue thread!

Annette. I suppose she sewed instead of doing the dusting as mother told her to!

Roy. She can't dust like Marie can! Oh, no! (Picks up duster and teases Marie with it. They have a merry chase about stage, while Tom and Annette dodge.)

(Enter Janet.)

Janet. Look out! There's a mouse!

(Annette and Marie quickly mount chairs.)

All. Where?

Janet. On the table!

All. The table!

Janet. Yes! Under my sewing box. Oh, take it away! *Quick!!!*

(Tom and Roy rush to obey. Roy reaches it first and lifts the box. The mouse quickly crosses the table. Girls scream; boys try to hit it.)

Rob. (Springing from under the table, jerks the mouse away and whirls it overhead on string.) Who is afraid of a *chocolate mouse*???

Girls. You mean thing!!

(All rush after Rob and the mouse.)

Girls. Give us a bite!

Boys. Oh, we'll have the mouse!!

(A scramble; Rob rushes out, boys and girls chasing after him.)

(Curtain.)

YOUNG AMERICA.

BY EFFIE LOUISE KOOGLE.

(Scene interior of large closet.)

(Enter Frank, Ruth and Madge, the girls whimpering, the boy very much crestfallen. He soon recovers.)

Frank. There's nothing to cry about! We got the pie!

Madge. Guess *I* don't like to be shut in a closet!

Ruth. And I don't either!

Frank. Oh, it isn't dark! You ought to be in a dark one once! *I* was!

Madge. Oh, weren't you dreadfully scared? I'm afraid when it's dark!

Frank. I'm not! What are you afraid of?

Ruth and Madge. Buggars!

Frank. Pooh! There are no buggars! Besides if there were, they wouldn't come after me because I'm a boy! They only want girls!—Like you!

Madge. Oh, I wish mother would open the door!

Ruth. Oh, dear! I wish I had not eaten the pie!

Frank. You didn't.

Ruth. I did, too! Frank Fowler, it is bad enough to steal pie, without telling stories about it!

Frank. Who told any stories? You didn't eat *all* the pie! We helped!!!

Madge. Listen! Did you hear that squeaky noise? Maybe that's a buggar!

Ruth. Keep still! Then he won't know we are here!

Frank. Oh, they can see right through big thick walls, just like these!

Madge and Ruth. Oh, dear!

Frank. The way to do is not to notice them; then they think they can't scare you, and they go after some other little girls!

(Another very squeaking noise is heard.)

Girls. Oh-o-o-o!

Frank (apparently frightened as much as the girls). It simply is not safe to even eat cherry pie! It is haunted!

Madge. Haunted! Ghosts couldn't get into a pie!

Frank. But cherries are worse than ghosts!

Ruth. Because they bring buggars!

Madge. Why didn't you tell us before we ate the pie?

Frank. I forgot my *history*!

Ruth. *History*!

Madge. What's that?

Frank. Oh, it tells about a kid that stole a whole tree full of cherries, and when he had eaten them all he began to chop the tree down

so he could take it away and hide it, and—and then his Daddy spied him and—my! But he was scared! It was his Daddy's favorite tree!

Ruth. Did he whip the boy?

Frank. Oh, no! The boy gave a hop, skip and jump and sprang right up on his Daddy's shoulder and hugged him so tight he couldn't do a thing! After his Daddy caught his breath, he forgot all about the cherry tree, and told the boy he was the pride of his life, and if he just kept on cutting down cherry trees he would develop his muscle and some day he would be President!

Madge. I wonder if we all hug mother if she will tell us to eat all the cherry pies—

(Enter their mother, Mrs. Fowler. The three children rush toward her and all try to hug her at once.)

Mrs. Fowler (breaking loose after a while). Now, I know you will be dear good children, and after this mother will bake cherry pie *real often!* I did not know you were so very, very fond of it!

Frank. Hurrah for mother! and hurrah for George Washington! If it had not been for George Washington there would be no cherries! And if it were not for mother, there would be no cherry pies!!!

(All give three cheers for mother.)

(Curtain.)

SIX O'CLOCK DINNER.

BY EFFIE LOUISE KOOGLE.

(Dorothy's dolls are staring at her from their chairs, while she spreads and arranges her little tea table. Enter Willie, with ball and bat.)

Willie (dropping into chair). Oh, dear! I never was so tired. It is too hot to play ball, anyhow! (Fans with hat.) And all the boys do is *cheat*! Look at those dandy little tarts!

Dorothy. Well, I just wouldn't play with such wicked boys. Why—

Willie. I 'most wish I was a girl! All they do is to have nice tea parties, and wear pretty dresses, and listen to folks tell them how *sweet* they are, and—

Dorothy. Willie!!!

Willie. And have so many boxes of Lowney's given them they can't eat them all, and—

Dorothy—Why, Willie! They don't either! And besides—

• *Willie*. And all the boys don't pounce on them and pound them to death—

Dorothy. Oh, never mind, Willie! I know what we can do!

Willie. What?

Dorothy. You be my husband, and go to town on business and then come home to six o'clock dinner! And I'll let you help me eat all my nice birthday candies, and—but we ought to have more than just candy!

Willie. All right! Those tarts will do for me! And haven't you got any, any sandwiches?—I'm hungry!!

Dorothy. Yes. But you must not be hungry until six o'clock to-night!

Willie. Say! Why my mamma went away to-day, and there are a lot of things over home that won't keep! There's some bananas, and—and some pear preserves, and—and oh, there's a lot of Angel's Food Cake!—and—

Dorothy. Oh, my! And have you any pie? We ought to have *pie*!

Willie. I think I can find the pie! Well! (Starts out.)

Dorothy. Oh, what are you going to do?

Willie. Going to get the things!

Dorothy. Oh, that isn't the way! You must order them *in town*, you know, and have the grocery deliver them!

Willie. Oh, of course!

Dorothy. And besides,—you didn't kiss me good-by! Papa always kisses mamma good-by, and they say a lot of things!!!

Willie. Of course! I'll send it by *wireless*!

Dorothy. Well, I 'spose that will do! Now, what are you going to say?

Willie. Do you have to say "Thank you" for just a kiss?

Dorothy. Oh, no! But papa always says such nice things to mamma! He tells her how much prettier she is than your mamma, and—

Willie. She ain't, neither!!!!

Dorothy. She hasn't got false teeth, anyhow!!

Willie. Awe—your mother is too fat!

Dorothy. Well, but she has little feet! And besides—

Willie. Awe——

Dorothy. But they never quarrel! If mamma scolds, papa just kisses her some more—

Willie. I ain't going to kiss you any more,—unless—

Dorothy. Well, now this is the way mamma does. She looks *real sweet*, like this (very coquettish), and then he—

Willie. Oh, you scare me when you do that!

Dorothy. Then she says—"Will you stop at Madame Style's for my hat, to-night, dear? It didn't cost *nearly* twenty-five dollars this time!"

Willie. Gee!

Dorothy. You must look disappointed like, then say, "Yes, dear, if I don't forget it!"

Willie. Awe—Fiddlesticks! I don't want to play!!!

Dorothy. Well—tell me you think I'm *real dear*, then go on to town!

Willie. You'd be real peachy, if you hair wasn't so red! Good-by!!! (Exit.)

Dorothy. My! I'm glad he isn't my really truly husband! He has such bad manners! (Sits down and rocks her dolly to sleep, singing, "The Drowsy-Eye Man, lullaby in "In Music-Land," or "Dolly Stop Weeping.")

(Enter Willie with pretty basket full of good things.)

Willie. Now, Dorothy, you must not talk to me!—I'm the grocery boy—Good morning, Mrs.—Awe, what is your name, Dorothy?

Willie. Here's the things your husband ordered! (Sets basket on the floor.) Oh, say, Dorothy, Dad told me that Cousin Phil is coming up for a few days!

Dorothy. Phil! Is he the boy you told me about from Cincinnati?

Willie. Yes. My! But he is a stunner!

Dorothy. Well, pretend he is a drummer from Boston, and you can bring him home to see your new wife!

Willie. But what about the dinner?

Dorothy. Oh, he can be our guest, and if there isn't enough of anything to go around, I'll kick you under the table. That's the way mamma does papa!

Willie. All right. (Remember, not too hard, though!) Are you nearly ready?

Dorothy. You don't know, do you? You forget you are only the grocery boy! Don't forget my hat!!! (Willie vanishes.)

Dorothy (carefully placing her dollie in cradle or cab). There, my little darling! Sleep tight; for mother has so much work to do! (hurriedly transfers contents of basket to the table.) Deary me! If I were really truly keeping house, I should have— Now let me see!

(Counts on fingers.) *I* would have servants like Mrs. ———! One to do the cooking, one to scrub and dust; one to wash the dishes (I just *hate* to wash dishes); one to play with the children; and that is four; then, Oh, I think I could do very well with about three more just to do the little things. I find there is a good deal of work about keeping house. Dear me! We have some Boston Baked Beans! They are for our guest, I suppose! Phew!!! *Onions!!!* That's just like a boy! What a big pie!!! I think my husband remembers very well! Don't you? There!!! Now I think it must be nearly six; and every thing ready! Isn't my table *dear*? —Oh, my hair! I must put on my blue ribbons and look perfectly *swell*, when there is company coming from *Boston!!* (Finds her ribbons and ties on her hair.) Mean thing! My hair *isn't* red, either! Papa says I'm his little golden haired girlie! So there!! Dear! I almost forgot the tarts! (Looks in cupboard.) Only one more! Well, that will make just one apiece. Oh, we will have plenty! If Willie hadn't said my hair was red there might have been more!

(Enter Willie and Phil,—a well-dressed, overgrown and somewhat shy boy.)

Willie. Are you ready Dorothy? Phil says he is as hungry as a bear! He missed his breakfast and nearly missed the train! Where shall we sit? Come on!!

Dorothy. Mr. Clinton, you have forgotten to introduce your fre—, I mean this stranger!

Willie. Oh, 'scuse me!!! Phil, this is Dorothy!

Dorothy. Mr. Clinton, have you forgotten that I am your—your new—

Willie. Oh, sure! Gee! but girls are particular! Phil this is my wife, Mrs. Clinton! (aside—Not really, you know. Just till we eat these things up.)

Phil. Happy to meet you, I'm sure! (Attempts to shake hands.)

Dorothy. But who is your friend, Mr. Clinton?

Willie. Oh, my cousin Phil, Dorothy. I don't know his other name.

Dorothy. (Shaking hands.)

Phil. Happy to know you!

Dorothy. Thanks.

Willie. Is dinner ready, Dorothy?

Dorothy. Did you bring my new hat, Mr. Clinton?

Willie. Oh,—Oh, why I couldn't take a drummer to a millinery store! Hurry up!

Dorothy. Dear, dear! I am so disappointed!

(Table is in center of stage. Dorothy sits at end toward right of stage; Willie at end toward left of stage, his feet on side rungs of chair; Phil, too large for the table, adjusts himself accordingly, mostly underneath table.)

Willie. Pass the—what shall we have first?

Dorothy. Papa says "Grace" first. So must you!

Willie. Grace!!

Dorothy. Yes. A little prayer!

Willie (thinks). Oh, I know one!

Dorothy. Well, say it!!

Willie. "Now I get me up to work; I pray Thee, Lord, I may not shirk;"—

Dorothy. Why, Willie! Stop! That's wicked!

Willie. Well, you told me to! Go on and pour the tea!

Dorothy (serving gracefully). We serve in courses, only—

Willie. Only we put the courses all on so we can see what's coming!

Dorothy (to Phil). How do they do in Boston?

Phil. Boston?

Willie. Oh, we are pretending you are a guy from Boston. Get on to the game!

Phil. What was it you asked? Oh, yes. They do just the same way, I guess.

Willie. I say, Dorothy, pass those tarts! Gee! Phil! My wife makes the best tarts this side of—of—Cincin—I mean Boston! Ahem!!!

(The boys take a tart, leaving one on plate.)

Dorothy. I like this pie.

Willie. That's the kind we have at our house!

Dorothy. I wish I lived at your house, then. Mamma doesn't allow me to eat pie, for fear it will make me look sallow!

Willie. Look *who*—oh?

Phil. It might spoil her complexion!

Willie. What's that?

Dorothy. Don't talk so loud; you will wake up the baby!

Willie. That tart was pretty good! Think I'll have another! (Passes plate with one tart on it to *Phil.*) Have another, *Phil*! There's plenty more!

Phil. Oh, thanks!—er, I—I guess I don't wish another one!

Dorothy (much disturbed, passes the olives). Won't you have some olives, *Phil*,—or, some onions,—(passes each as they are mentioned)—or some *beans*!! I know you are fond of beans, for you are from Boston!

Phil.—No, thank you, I—I don't believe I wish any—not any at all!

Willie. But you can eat this tart! Then *Dorothy* will fill up the plate, and I'll get some! Go on, *Phil*, and don't be a guy!!

Phil (rising, very much embarrassed). I—I think you—you will have to excuse me! I—I have the toothache! (Hurries out.)

Phil. Well, I thought something ailed him! He never used to be such a chump!

Dorothy. Well, *Willie*, I think you might have stopped coaxing *Phil* to take more tarts when there weren't any more!

Willie. Weren't any more! How did I know there were no more?

Dorothy. I should think you would know from the way I kicked you!

Willie. Kicked me! When?

Dorothy. All the time you were passing the tarts!

Willie. I never felt it once!

Dorothy. Oh, well, it don't matter now! Here! (putting her dollie into the cab). I want you to take the baby out riding while I clear away the dinner!

Willie. All right. (Fills his pockets and starts out.)

Dorothy. Here, kiss me good-by!

Willie (does so). Good-by!

Dorothy. You oughn't to make it smack so loud, when the baby is asleep! (Exit Willie pushing the cab.)

Dorothy. Deary me! I feel like a cyclone had been here! And just look at that table! I wonder if when boys grow up into men their manners grow, too!

(Enter Willie, much out of breath.)

Willie. Oh, Dorothy—! (Laughs and laughs.)

Dorothy. Whatever is the matter, Willie?

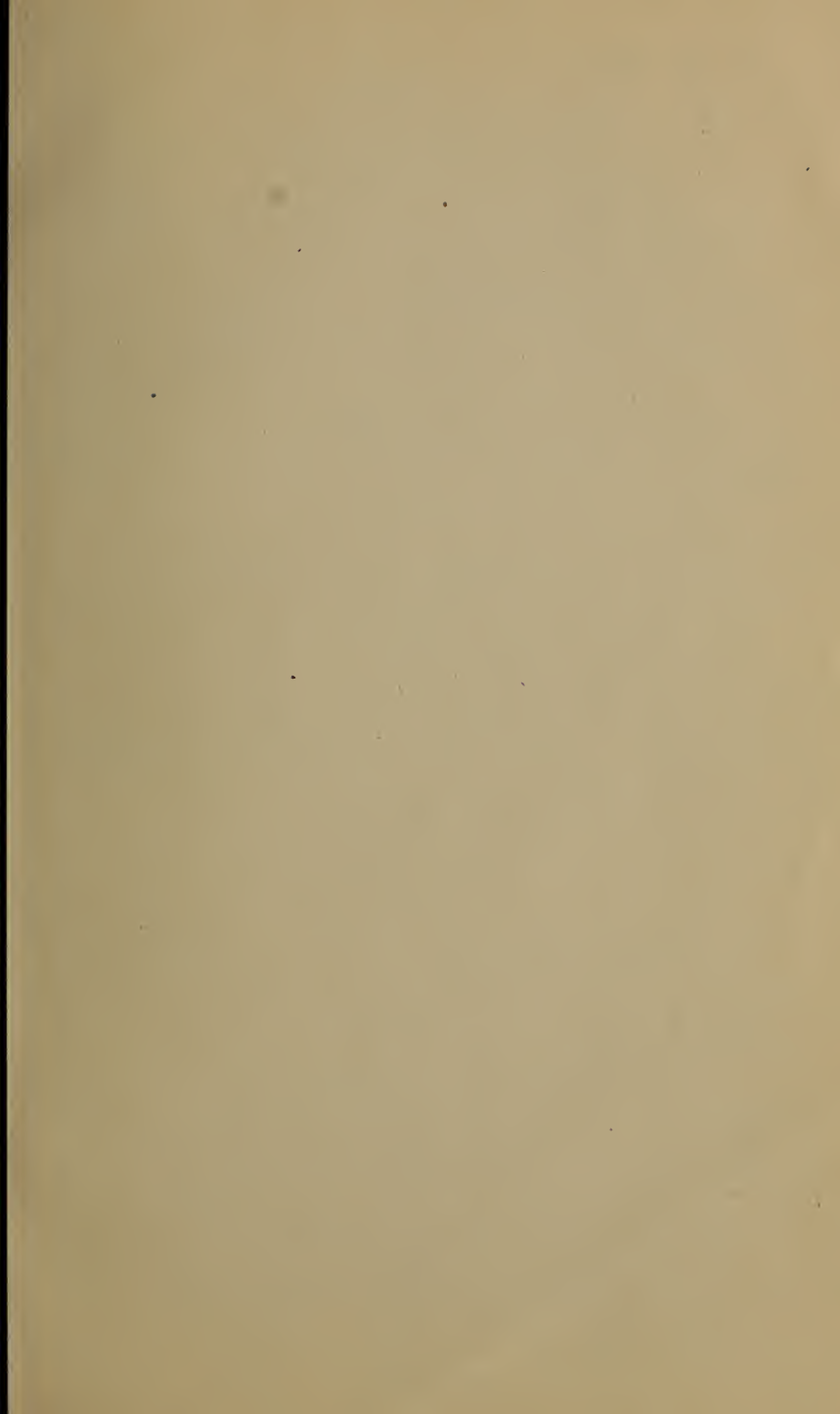
Willie (still laughing). Dorothy! Did you say you kicked me under the table when I passed the tarts?

Dorothy. I should say I did! About a million times!

Willie. Well, all the time you were KICKING PHIL! He has the *toothache in his shins!!!*

Dorothy. Oh,—Oh!!!!

(Curtain.)



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